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LIFE OF

ALBERT ARNOLD BENNETT

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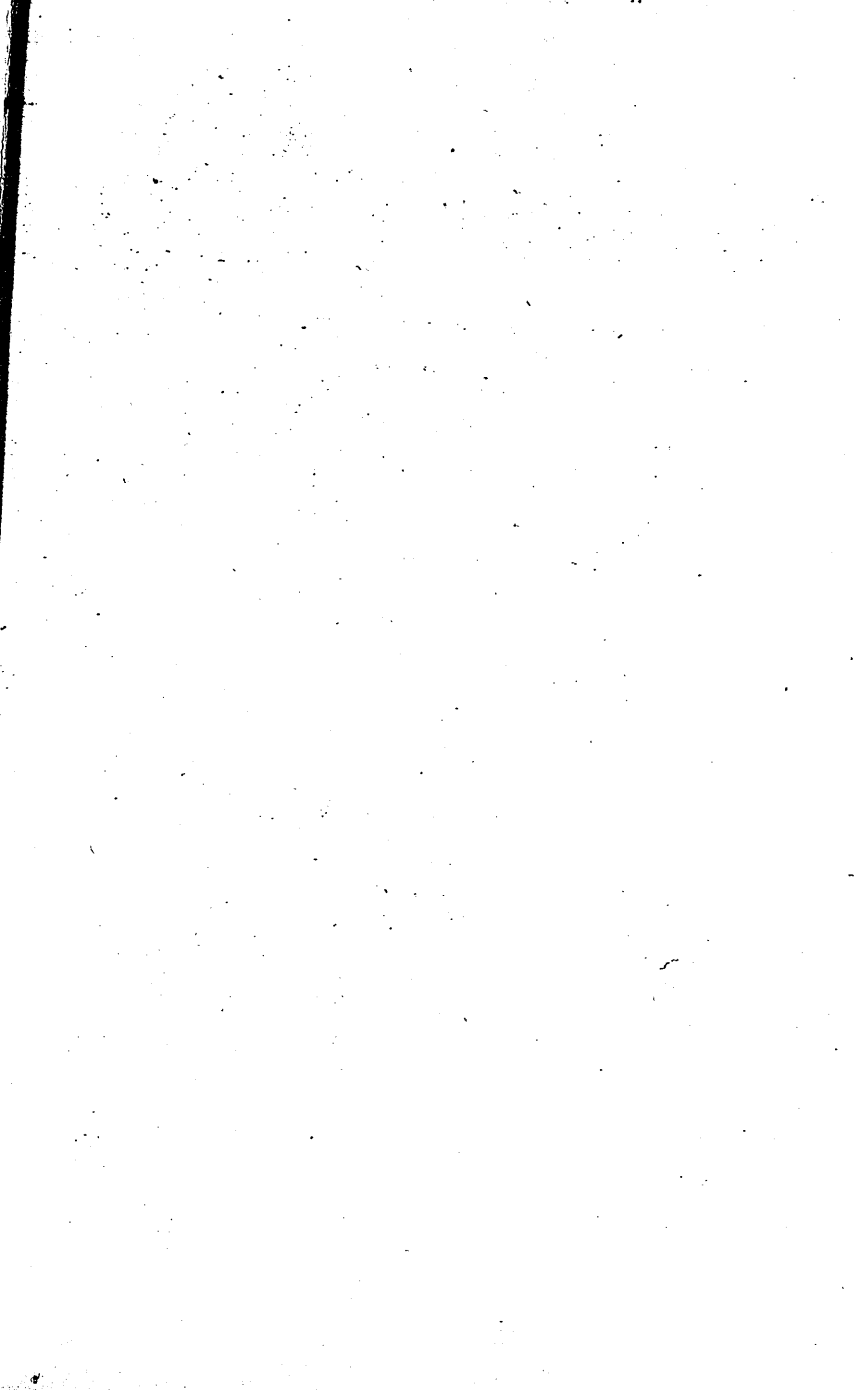
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LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

Albert Arnold Bennett, D.D.

For many years regarded as
"the Nestor of Baptist Missionaries in Japan."

BY HIS WIFE

PROVIDENCE, R. I., U. S. A.
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NORTHFIELD PRESS

In Yokohama, Japan, in one of the most cosmopolitan cemeteries of the world there lies a large granite slab, upon four round boulders. On it a raised scroll bears the inscription:—

IN MEMORY OF

ALBERT ARNOLD BENNETT

AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSIONARY

Born in Philadelphia, April 16, 1849

Died in Yokohama, October 12, 1909

He Lived to Serve

That last line was felt by everyone to be the best summary possible in few words of his rare and beautiful life.

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ALBERT ARNOLD BENNETT

EARLY LIFE, COLLEGE, SEMINARY.

Of his early life little need be said. His mother, who was of Huguenot descent, died when he was but seven years old, yet he cherished tenderest memories of her. The bed-time prayer she taught him closed with "send the gospel to the heathen." His father, a deacon in the Fifth Baptist Church of Philadelphia, was superintendent of the Sunday School, respected by all who knew him, and dearly loved by his many children. Albert, the fifth, was "a very delicate baby and child, and neither mother nor father expected him to live to grow up." In his memories of a happy childhood Sunday was a red letter day. Since, of course, there must be no noisy play, the children went out into the small city yard only one at a time. Then it was that the garden itself was observed and enjoyed, and the child learned to know and love every flower it contained. Ordinary toys were put away and special ones were brought out not seen on other days. On Sundays, too, best of all, the children had much of their father's society.

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Baptized at the age of thirteen, Albert soon began to take active part in various lines of church work, teaching in a mission school, calling on invalids and aged persons, and with a few others conducting a weekly neighborhood meeting. "Very retiring in childhood," by nature extremely cautious—perhaps even timid, he became, by grace, truly bold through Christ, his ever present Help. His sister writes regarding his teaching in a school for colored people:—"in the early sixties (during the war)

. . . I went with him until one evening when pistols were used by the pupils. Then Father forbade my going. Albert was 'brave as a lion.' "

When he was eighteen years old his father died. The next year he left his native city. Four years he was a college student in Providence, R. I., three years a divinity student in Chicago, Ill., four years a pastor at Holliston, Mass., and thirty years a missionary in Japan.

In college Mr. Bennett occupied the room that had once belonged to that hero of modern missions, Adoniram Judson. Rev. O. P. Bestor writes:—"Four years at Brown I sat beside your husband in the classroom and occupied a room in the same division at old University Hall. At college we have the best of opportunity of knowing each other, as the mask that sometimes is worn in public is cast aside. His was the purest life and the most chaste mind and heart I ever knew. I never heard him utter one single vulgar expression, and many a time a word or look from him rebuked others or checked the unclean expression or story. Yet he always did it in such a kind, modest way that he won the respect and admira-

EARLY LIFE, COLLEGE, SEMINARY

tion of all his classmates. . . . His influence . . .
was ever exerted for righteousness, candor and purity
. . . my dearest classmate."

Among Mr. Bennett's fellow-students in college were Dr. David Downie, Pres. E. B. Andrews, Dr. Wm. Ashmore, Rev. J. H. Arthur, Prof. J. M. English, Prof. A. Williams, Dr. B. A. Greene, Dr. J. H. Mason, Dr. E. P. Farnham, Mr. Stephen Greene, Dr. T. D. Anderson, Dr. T. S. Barbour, Pres. B. I. Wheeler; and of those in the theological seminary were Prof. C. H. Hall, Dr. H. C. Mabie, Pres. N. E. Wood, Dr. J. L. Jackson, Rev. C. H. D. Fisher, Prof. E. Olson, Pres. G. Sutherland.

Of Mr. Bennett's life in the theological seminary Rev. C. M. Jones writes:—"Well do I recall the first time I saw your husband in that old Seminary building on Rhodes Avenue. Not knowing his name or age, or even that he was a seminary student, I took him for some young fellow from a high school, especially as there was no conversation to show, as would thus have appeared, what treasures of culture and ripeness of judgment were already in possession of that slight form. But the thing that then struck me, as it must have thousands since, was that look, human yet too angelic to be altogether human, which captivated all hearts, combined with that touch of genuine human nature and human sympathy which makes the world kin. A little informal class was formed for Bible meditation and for prayer just before the morning meal, most simple and most refreshing; the memory of it, and especially Brother Bennett's part in it, has gone with me in all the years of strenuous home missionary

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toil as an inspiration." Upon one occasion when it was his turn to preach the sermon before the students for criticism, he made it a real sermon for that particular audience. When he had finished, the Professor was unwilling to dissipate the impression it had produced, so dismissed the class, reserving criticism till later. Mr. Bennett quickly became known as a wit. But he found the habit common among the students of making puns and other jokes upon the Bible. This he discountenanced, and by the time his course was completed it had practically died out. He appreciated the privilege of living during these years in the home of Rev. Albert N. Arnold, D.D., who had been a classmate and lifelong friend of his father's, and for whom he himself was named.

His twenty-fifth birthday, in the midst of his seminary course, was a momentous day for Mr. Bennett. For some years the question of becoming a foreign missionary had been growing in insistence. It must be settled. So, asking a few very special friends to pray for him, he gave that day to its consideration with fasting and prayer. For hours alone with God he walked up and down the long plank walk at the Seminary, viewing the matter in all its bearings. The day ended with the conviction fixed deep in his heart that God had indeed called him to work abroad, also that the place for it was Japan, and the time to go five years hence. Meanwhile he would fit himself better to deal with human nature by a pastorate in a small church. (It is but fair to say here that Japan was not then regarded the easy mission field it has since been thought to be by some.)

WORK AS PASTOR.

It was at the close of his Sophomore year in college that Mr. Bennett began to preach regularly,—at the little Free Baptist Church in Rehoboth, Mass. This he continued all through his Junior and Senior years, spending the intervening vacations there in pastoral work. On his graduation, the people asked him to forego the course in the theological seminary and settle with them as pastor. During his seminary course he did what he could for the church in Bristol, Ill., going back and forth from Chicago every week and spending vacations in pastoral work. A friend writes, "How many there were in that church who loved him for his beautiful Christlike character." His successor here, Rev. O. P. Bestor, writes, "While at Bristol he enjoyed a precious revival, and had the young converts banded together for Bible study and prayer-meeting. I found this band most earnest and helpful during my pastorate. This was years before the C. E. movement." In both these places Mr. Bennett formed friendships that brought joy to him all the rest of his life.

In December, 1875, he was ordained and installed as pastor of the Baptist church at Holliston, Mass. Mr. Bennett told the church when he first accepted their call that he intended in a few years to go out as a missionary. Afterwards he used to say that he thought the church was rather pleased with that arrangement for if they did

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not like him it would furnish them an easy way to get rid of him, and if they did like him they could easily "get that foolish notion out of his head." As the time drew near and he began to talk definitely of his future work, they did indeed try to dissuade him; but he felt "the vows of God are on me, and I may not stop."

His pastorate in Holliston was a singularly happy one, and was blessed with success in more than one direction. He was fond of children and knew how to entertain them, and was universally claimed by them as a comrade. He loved the Sunday School, and often put an illustration of the lesson on the blackboard with colored crayons. He also conducted the teachers' meeting on a mid-week afternoon. He led a very active life, participating in services held in country homes or school-houses, in children's meetings, in young people's meetings,—in any and every opportunity to draw people to Christ,—as well as keeping in close touch with the members of his own flock. In fact, the amount the man accomplished astonished everyone—though very few, if any, really knew all. He took great interest in helping to organize and perpetuate a Reform Club. Mr. Bennett was a frequent bearer of flowers to the sick and cheer to the heavy-hearted. One of his parishioners has written, "No one ever filled our hearts as a minister as did he, and as a friend he was always sympathetic and loyal. Never since his going from Holliston have I found a minister who entirely filled my ideal of the office, and all who have since come into my life in that capacity have suffered much by my unconscious comparison with him. The influence of his

WORK AS PASTOR

preaching in the dear old Holliston church has ever been with me."

On his leaving Holliston the church presented him with a gold watch handsomely engraved. One week from that day he married Miss Mela Isabel Barrows, elder daughter of Rev. Brainard W. Barrows, pastor of the Baptist church of Middletown, Conn., and a few weeks later the two started on their long journey to Japan, arriving at Yokohama early in December, 1879.

ORIGIN OF THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The story of the way in which Mr. Bennett became the founder of our Theological Seminary is interesting.

When he first arrived in Japan, he was a young man closely associated with the aged veteran, Rev. Nathan Brown, D. D.,—just as Dr. Brown at the beginning of his own long missionary career had been a young man associated, in Burma, with the then aged Dr. Adoniram Judson. Gradually Mr. Bennett relieved Dr. Brown of the direct evangelistic and other work of the Station, and the two men became warmly attached to each other. Dr. Brown was engaged in the important work of translating the New Testament into Japanese, and printing it,—also in preparing, in Japanese, and printing a hymn-book, Scripture portions, and various leaflets. This work occupied him so fully as to forbid his doing much more local work than could be done on Sundays. Yet the church he had founded already numbered about forty—when Mr. and Mrs. Bennett united with it, about a year and a half after their arrival, it made the membership just one hundred—and preaching services, Sunday school and prayer meetings were held regularly.

Much of the preaching was done by the deacons and other members. Mr. Bennett quickly saw their need of instruction, not only to become better acquainted with the Bible but to learn how to preach. It was new business

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for them, and they had no models. One deacon, who afterwards became a successful pastor of one of our largest churches, used to stand stock still behind the desk, rivet his eyes to his manuscript and intone his sermons as the Buddhists did their prayers. And the sermons were as striking as the manner of their delivery. So Mr. Bennett invited four of the preachers to his study once a week to help them prepare their sermons. They soon wanted to come twice a week, then three times, and at last daily. The improvement in their preaching was so evident that Dr. Rhees asked if one of his helpers might not share in the instruction. Thus Mr. Bennett prepared the way for the school. He also prompted its establishment, and in this way it came to pass that in October, 1884, the Theological Seminary was opened. There were five students at the beginning, and more entered the next term.

In the Funeral Address by Rev. C. K. Harrington, D. D., who for twenty-three years stood next to him as teacher in the School, occurred the following words:—

“He provided a home for it in his own grounds . . . while yet home it had none. He served as its Principal for many years,—he was much too modest to accept the title of President;—and was always its chief instructor and, I think his fellow teachers will allow me to say, its chief spiritual force. . . . It was not amiss that it was generally spoken of in the community as Dr. Bennett’s School. . . . His presence in the school, his minute and loving acquaintance with the Scriptures, his earnest evangelical and evangelistic spirit, his tactful

ORIGIN OF THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

and sympathetic treatment of the students, have made him to a very large extent the life and light and strength of the institution. He has in this way left his impress upon nearly all the pastors and evangelists who are connected with the work of our denomination in this country." When he resigned as President he continued to remain as Professor of New Testament Exegesis and of Homiletics. "For this work he was eminently fitted, as he was a scholarly interpreter of Scripture and an excellent preacher."

Another fellow-teacher—Rev. J. L. Dearing, D. D.,—says:—"As a teacher he was able to impress his personality upon his students in a remarkable degree. Almost every Baptist preacher in Japan has received instruction at his hands. His loyalty to the Word of God, his devout attitude towards the truth, and his emphasis upon the Bible as the Preacher's text-book, are deeply impressed upon the Baptist ministry of today . . . making them a peculiarly devout and consecrated body of men. Whatever other things his students did not know, they left his hands with a remarkable familiarity with the New Testament and they could be truly said to go forth preaching the Word. He never seemed to tire of teaching, and no student ever remained to ask a question who failed to receive a patient and careful answer." Another—Rev. George W. Taft—calls him "a spiritual giant," and adds, "No one as much as he has put his stamp upon the preaching of our Japanese preachers."

THE JAPANESE LANGUAGE.

Although when he first reached Japan there were no fixed courses of study and almost no helps of any kind, even of books, yet Mr. Bennett's attainments in the use of the Japanese spoken language were high. While he was familiar with no inconsiderable number of the Chinese characters used in the written language, he did not master them as he might have done had he been able to use his eyes freely during the earlier years of his missionary life. But in conversation his accent and idiom were so good that he sometimes had amusing experiences in being mistaken for a native Japanese. His shortness of stature and the color of his eyes and hair perhaps aided in this. (As to dress, Japanese men not uncommonly dressed like American.) On one occasion, travelling in the country he was engaged in conversation with men he met walking along the same road when a couple of men behind began a discussion. One maintained that our friend was a foreigner, the other was sure that he was not. At last they asked him, and the second man could scarcely believe even then that one who spoke so as "to the manner born" was not really a Japanese.

VARIOUS ACTIVITIES.

Although utterly devoid of ostentation, Mr. Bennett was recognized as one zealous for the highest good of the entire community; his interests were never confined to his own personal sphere of labor. He tried to interest in doing good those of all classes of society that he touched. He interested some Japanese men to form a club for meeting their nationals on the steamers as they returned from America and putting them into touch with Christians in their own land. In 1888 he began the publication of a small monthly paper for jinrikishamen, entitled the *Jinrikisha*. The coolies and small shop-keepers of the neighborhood respected him and believed in him. He visited the prisons. He was a welcome speaker to our navy boys, either on board their ships, in the Seamen's Mission hall where he rendered frequent and hearty assistance, or in the American Naval Hospital where for years he held Sunday afternoon services.

Various positions of responsibility have been his:—secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, president of the Reading Circle (as the little society was first called which has grown into the present large Yokohama Literary and Musical Society), mission treasurer, editor of *Gleanings* (our mission periodical), pastor of the first Baptist church in Japan ("which," says Dr. Harrington, "is the strongest and most aggressive of all

VARIOUS ACTIVITIES

the Baptist churches of the Japanese. . . . The part he has had in building up this church, this mother of churches, would of itself alone have made his missionary life amply worth while"), founder and first president of the theological seminary and for twenty-five years instructor in two departments, member of a special committee of foreigners to welcome and care for refugees from China during the Boxer uprising, also member of another similar committee to act as almoners of funds raised in Yokohama for sufferers from the great tidal wave of 1896, president of the Reference Committee, president of the Conference, member of two hymn book committees—one for our Baptist book and the second for the Union Hymnal, member of the Property Committee, of the Evangelistic Committee, of the Committee on Publications, of the Committee on Baptist Hymns, of the Tract Society Committee,—“and these are only part of his labors. The wonder is that he could do so much, and do it so well, and continue in such a strenuous life so long.

. . . His long experience, wisdom, self-forgetfulness, and unfailing courtesy and patience, made his counsel and cooperation invaluable to us all in committee work of every sort, and in our Conference as a whole.”*

The year 1886 was a peculiarly busy one for Mr. Bennett. Dr. Brown died on its first night, leaving the second revision of his New Testament completed only as far as into Hebrews, and a hymn-book not quite ready to be indexed. The finishing and printing of these devolved necessarily on Mr. Bennett, and afterwards the closing up of the printing office. This same year wit-

*Dr. Harrington.

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nessed the opening of our Baptist chapel for a Sunday afternoon service for English-speaking Japanese, in which he was the usual preacher, as well as the compilation and printing of a small collection of hymns primarily for use in this service. Among these hymns are several of his own authorship.

By the end of that year he was well-nigh exhausted; but in December came two rare joys—welcoming a new worker (Rev. C. K. Harrington) to teach in the Theological Seminary, and a visit to China—Hongkong and Swatow, Shanghai and Ningpo. This visit was nothing less than a God-send, and it did him a vast amount of good. He did not understand when accepting the invitation that his expenses were to be met personally by dear old Dr. Ashmore. That good soul seeing Mr. Bennett's need of rest had artfully written that he had some funds for just such a purpose!

Our evangelistic work in the country districts around Yokohama was under Mr. Bennett's care. "He was ready to take a hard journey into the country and preach once or twice on the Sabbath,"* and every month the pastors and evangelists met at his home—and around his board—for reports and conference and prayer. Once a year, too, he had the different classes of the Seminary students at his house for a meal, and for many years all our missionaries—"our mission family," as we loved to call ourselves—gathered in his home on Thanksgiving Day "for a real home feast," "He lived," said Dr. Harrington, "a quiet but truly strenuous life. He had marvelous powers of endurance. His working day was

*Dr. Dearing.

VARIOUS ACTIVITIES

from immediately after his seven o'clock breakfast till late into the evening, often till late into the night. . . . He took practically no vacations nor holidays nor any recreation in the sense in which we generally employ that word. [Dr. Dearing says, "He never held up his methods as an example for others, but spoke with regret that this course was made necessary by press of duties."] For weeks together I have known him to find no time even to glance through the news of the day. But in the busiest of his busy days he ever retained that gift of 'a heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize.' He was never too busy to give a word of welcome, or of comfort, or of counsel,—always thoughtful, always appreciative, always sympathetic, always helpful." Another says, "His calm and gentle strength was written on his face."

The Standard for Aug. 9, 1902, contained this paragraph:—"If a man is needed to help look after the United States soldiers [as when the volunteers were returning from the Philippines] or sailors [as when the Atlantic Squadron was in the Yokohama harbor] or the missionary refugees, Bennett is called. If a man is wanted to distribute the contributions of the Yokohama community to the tidal wave sufferers, Bennett is chosen. If a brother is ill and needs a watch at night, Bennett offers his services. And he himself, no matter how tired he may be, never shirks a duty. And when he is harassed by conflicting duties he never wastes time in considering which to do first, but does "the duty that lies nearest." [One of his life mottoes was "Do the duty that lies nearest thee." A pigeonhole in his desk was marked

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Next. Another of his mottoes was, "When in doubt between two courses, duty is generally to be found on the other side from inclination."] He is a living illustration of both Paul's apparently paradoxical injunctions:— 'Every man shall bear his own burden' and 'Bear ye one another's burdens' . . . and is in fact 'an all round missionary.' "

TRAVELS IN JAPAN.

Scarcely five months after his arrival in Japan Mr. Bennett made his first extended country tour, and was gone in company with his teacher a full month. From that time till within two months of his call to *Tenkoku*, or the Heaven-Country, he was frequently called to different parts of the empire from the extreme north to the extreme south. ("Whenever an ordination or dedication service was to take place it was scarcely thought complete unless Dr. Bennett were" on the program.*) To mention a very few of these journeys:—In the spring of 1881 he spent over a month holding a kind of Bible Institute at the north—in Sendai. In the summer of 1897 he did the same at Chofu, at the southern end of the island. In 1898 he spent nearly two months working in the Hokkaido, reaching its northernmost point. In March, 1901, he wrote to his elder sister:—"I have recently been away from home on mission business, visiting the western part of this island, about six or seven hundred miles away and the eastern part of the island of Kyushiu. Though I was away so short a time, the going from place to place and the night travel made the time seem long and I was glad indeed to get back. But Japanese cars are vastly improved from what they once were. Some of the second-class even are now lighted by electricity and steam-heated, and sometimes there is a

*Dr. Dearing.

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chance to get foreign (English or American) food on the train. I generally travel second-class on long journeys; third-class on short ones."

For this kind of work, however, the year 1896 was unique. In April and May Mr. Bennett visited the extreme southern outposts of the Japanese empire—the Liu Chiu islands and Formosa. He wrote in a letter:—"A coincidence of great interest to me was a baptism I was permitted to administer to two young Liu Chiuan men. The place . . . was an ocean-filled jagged basin of coral. . . . While I was there the present descendant of the king, and all his household, left the island, it is believed forever, being summoned to Tokyo.

. . . Thus the house of the king that had thought to crush out the kingdom of God was being itself wiped away at the very moment when the sign of the coming of the kingdom of heaven was again manifested beneath the former home of the despised and persecuted missionary.

. . . I assure you this is no pleasure trip. Still I am genuinely glad I came, and believe that the Lord is ordering my disappointments and pleasures to His own glory. . . .

A special opening induced me to go on to Formosa and see what could be done there among the Japanese. . . Dr. MacKay . . . gave me a most brotherly reception. In his home I read much of his book, *From Far Formosa*." Mr. Bennett saw on the streets many evidences of hatred between the recently conquered and their victors, but in the church, he says, "it is beautiful to see the warm attachment between the Christian Japanese and Chinese."

STORY OF THE TIDAL WAVE.

The same year, in June, came the terrible Tidal Wave. This was one of the most appalling disasters that ever befell Japan. In a single hour over eight hundred houses were demolished, more than twenty thousand people killed, and about three thousand wounded. A striking evidence of the esteem and confidence in which Mr. Bennett was held by the foreign residents of Yokohama was their choice of him as one of a committee of three to visit the region devastated and distribute their charity. (The other two members of the committee were also missionaries—Rev. J. G. Cleveland, Ph. D., and Rev. W. S. Worden, M. D.) The three started, but two of them were unable to remain long enough to complete the survey of the territory, so it devolved on Mr. Bennett to do this alone, and learn the real extent of the need. The funds entrusted to him amounted to several thousand dollars. In his memorandum he writes—"The articles to be purchased were decided by the Committee as a whole. These were hemp, [condensed] milk, *futon* [bedding], boats. It fell to me to attend to their distribution." The bedding was "to be given to old men and women left without supporters." "The milk was declared a great boon in the hospitals." "All seemed grateful for the kindness of Yokohama people." "The bulk of the funds

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has been expended in boats." "The greatest loss was sustained by fishermen, not by farmers." "Until boats are supplied, most able-bodied survivors are unable to support themselves. A sad tale was told me . . . of fishermen going to the shore and watching abundance of fish only to turn back again in despair." (The hemp was for making nets.)

"Rejoiced to hear that the Sekko Maru was going at last. Started. Went to sleep to awake an hour and a half later and find we had returned to this miserable O———— on account of mist and wind. It is hard to be imprisoned here, but God knows what is best. Spent much of the morning talking with Y———— about maps and also about religion." The next day he writes:—"Still a prisoner, but trustful in the wisdom of the heavenly Father. Did considerable revising Analysis of Romans." Next day,— "Another well-nigh sleepless night, tormented with flees and mosquitoes, but this morning got on the Sekko Maru and, with joy in my heart and thanksgiving to God, reached Shiogame." Of the next night, spent in Mr. Hamblen's home in Sendai he writes, "delightful bed—no flees or mosquitoes." He rendered exact account of all the money with receipts from those who had been helped by it. *The Japan Mail* added this note:—"Mr. Bennett has earned the gratitude not of the afflicted people of northeastern Japan only, but also of the foreign residents of Tokyo and Yokohama whose charitable contributions he has so carefully distributed.—Ed. J. M."

STORY OF THE TIDAL WAVE.

For these services, and as representative of the foreign community, he received from the Imperial Government a gold cup which he afterwards presented to his Alma Mater.

VISITS TO THE UNITED STATES.

In the spring of 1890 Mr. Bennett took his wife and family to the United States, but returned to Japan in the fall, intending to take his furlough a couple of years later. But when again he went to America, in the spring of 1892, he felt that the work was specially needing him in Japan and his health was good, so he returned with his family in the fall. Those two long summers in his native land, however, did him a vast deal of good physically and otherwise.

His first and only furlough began in 1902 and lasted two years. The family settled in Providence, R. I., and during those two winters Mr. Bennett seemed verily to renew his youth. He spent three months of the first one at Colgate Theological Seminary as lecturer on missions, living in the dormitory—a student again! He enjoyed the bracing atmosphere—physical, intellectual, spiritual—and even the abundance of snow and ice. The next winter he gave a similar course at Newton. He also labored among the Japanese at the St. Louis Exposition. Meanwhile he did a great deal of public speaking for missions. One good deacon in Providence says, “Dr. Bennett was eloquent in the pulpit—just the man to present mission work in this country. He not only had a message to give, but he gave it in such a way that people were glad to hear.”

VISITS TO THE UNITED STATES.

In 1904 he and his wife went alone to Japan again, just as they had done twenty-five years before,—only this time seven God-given treasures were left behind—four sons and three daughters.

THE LAST CONFERENCE.

Although in the very best of health at the close of his furlough, he did not remain so many years. To quote freely from the first issue of *Gleanings* after his departure, also from one or two other sources:—"In mind and heart he was still as young as any of us, and as constant in labor and as versatile and resourceful as ever. For several years, however, his health had been impaired. At our Conference last June he was the preacher of the annual sermon, which was given with such an accent and inbreathed with such a spirit as suggested to those most closely connected with him the distressing thought that they were probably hearing dear Dr. Bennett for the last time." A few said, after the service, that the speaker himself seemed almost to be that John the beloved disciple of whom he was speaking. The sermon was "very charitable, very brotherly, . . . a benediction indeed"—"one of the most impressive that he ever preached . . . and characteristic of the man." "Its deep devotional character made it [the Conference] a time of rich spiritual uplift to all present. None of those present are likely to forget the strong, sweet, heart-searching message of Dr. Bennett on Sunday morning. . . . One of the visiting guests from America, who is in the habit of attending the national anniversaries and the great conferences at Northfield, said, 'I never heard any-

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thing to equal that sermon in America.' The spirit of the man and the power of his message remained . . . all through the Conference."

Hoping that rest and the cooler air of the far north might benefit him, Conference requested that he spend the hottest part of the summer in Otaru. Undoubtedly this prolonged his life, and was God's means of answering his prayer that he might attend the twenty-fifth anniversary of "the school of his love." Yet his strength failed so rapidly that after again reaching Yokohama, in September, he scarcely left the house.

TWO ANNIVERSARIES.

Our thirtieth wedding anniversary, occurring at the end of the month, was spent quietly at home. Respecting that day Mr. Bennett dictated for *Gleanings* these words:—“From morning till night, and indeed overflowing into the next day or two, letters and telegrams came pouring in from points near and far. We have never before had such an anniversary occasion. Were the kind things said half deserved, we would be happy indeed. We were happy, very happy, not because we deserved the praise we received, but because the letters and telegrams showed the love, sympathy and appreciation of the writers, and that goodness of their own hearts which could lead them to believe such good things of us. The day was inauspicious outside, my own health not up to par; evidences of frustrated plans were lying around me; but I can scarcely recall a happier day in my life. Amid the tears and prayers called forth by these many kind communications, we did pray that we might in future more nearly realize our friends’ ideal.

Pot-plants and flowers also came to cheer us, and the Baptist missionaries of Tokyo and Yokohama gave us a beautiful and substantial gift. In a dainty silver jewel-box very neatly inscribed were enclosed three ten-yen gold pieces, fitly emblematic of the three golden decades that my wife and I have rounded while sharing here and

TWO ANNIVERSARIES.

there a common home—a jewel-box indeed, with God's inscription on it."

The Theological Seminary celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary on October eleventh. Mr. Bennett was present for a few minutes and concluded the afternoon exercises with "one of his beautiful benedictions." "It was fitting that such should be the farewell words of one whose whole life had been a benediction." ("His name, derived from the Latin form 'Benedict,' was a beautiful instance, in the case of our brother, of *Nomen et Omen*.") After the benediction, a beautiful lacquer box containing fifty *yen* was presented him in the name of former and present students—seventy-two in all.

"The following letter, sent to Dr. Bennett . . . with a large easy chair, the anniversary gift of the missionaries who have worked with him in the Seminary, is reprinted [in *Gleanings*] by the request of some who feel it expresses most happily and truly the tribute of their own hearts to our beloved Dr. Bennett.

Prof. Albert Arnold Bennett, D. D.,
Baptist Theological Seminary,
Yokohama, Japan.

Dear modest, unassuming, self-forgetful Bro. Bennett:—

Some of us seldom tell you what we think of you just because of what you are—because of those qualities in you that most win our love and esteem. But today, on this 25-year anniversary day, each of your colleagues may (ἄμφοιν γὰρ ὄντοι φιλοῖν ὅσιον σπριτιμᾶν τὴν ἀλήθειαν)

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tell you what a tower of strength we have known you to be in our Baptist work in Japan, and especially in this School of the Prophets in which you have labored from the day of its founding, and which (under God) owes a greater debt to you than to anyone else. And we may tell you, too, that to each of us in our personal religious life and in our work as missionaries your life and work, your faith and zeal, your gentle ways and Christlike spirit have been a constant help and inspiration, for which we unceasingly thank God. What God has done in and through you encourages us.

‘Through such souls
God stooping shows sufficient of His light
For us i’ the dark to rise by.’

May God’s choicest blessing be yours today, and, through His grace, may there be many, many days of active service for you with us yet, here in our common work. This is our prayer.

As *daihyosha* I am commissioned to express to you the love and esteem of us each and all.

Your brother,

CHARLES B. TENNY.

For

Pres. Parshley,
Prof. Harrington,
Dr. Dearing,
C. B. Tenny.

It is a great satisfaction that these two anniversaries

TWO ANNIVERSARIES

afforded a suitable opportunity to those with whom and for whom he had labored to make some expression of their hearty appreciation, before he had passed beyond the reach of hand and voice."

THE CLOSING SCENE.

The very next day, about noon, casting his worn-out "robe of flesh" upon the bed, he passed through the life-gate to his Saviour. Not often are His saints permitted to enter the New Jerusalem as their Lord made entry once into Jerusalem of old—amid glad acclaims begun outside the gates. As one brother said, "Dr. Bennett's going was perfect—like those we sometimes read of, but very seldom see." Another wrote, "He rounded out his life work as few men are permitted to do."

After a brief service at the house, "the coffin was borne to the church by the students of the Seminary, when it was received by the graduates and reverently deposited before the pulpit. In Japan this is a very special mark of respect, that duty being generally intrusted to coolies. Since the same honor was shown Dr. Brown, twenty-four years ago, there has been no other like case in our church history. . . . The service was simple and impressive.

. . . The deacons of the church carried the coffin forth, and the students bore it thence . . . to the Foreign Cemetery where a brief service was conducted by the Rev. T. Roseberry Good, pastor of the Union Church. Here, just across the valley from the church and school for which he had lived and labored so long, we laid to rest all that was mortal of him who 'was not, for God had taken him.'"

KINDNESSES.

His life in Holliston was but an illustration of his life everywhere. He had a keen sense of the ludicrous, but his sympathy was such that a joke at the expense of another's feelings was only pain to him. This tender considerateness of others was a most prominent characteristic. Rev. O. P. Bestor tells the following:—"When I left the Newton Theological Seminary on account of severe illness and was on my way home to Illinois, in March, 1873, I stopped with him a night at the Baptist Union Theological Seminary in Chicago. I was threatened with a relapse, and he worked over me a good share of the night, and I believe averted the misfortune. He persuaded Dr. and Mrs. Arnold to take a carriage for the city and we four rode in a snow-storm to my depot." Other friends have written:—

"To me and mine he was ever more than kind, searching out ways to help us and add to our happiness."¹

"Mr. Steadman² said that he had never known anyone who thought so constantly of loving deeds for others as did Dr. Bennett, and we all who knew him could say Amen."³

"Learning of the arrival of the ship at nearly midnight, he had taken the long trip out by *sampan*⁴ to greet the new missionaries . . . with a cheery welcome.

(1) Rev. F. G. Harrington, Litt. D. D.

(2) Rev. Fred W. Steadman.

(3) Miss Mary E. Danielson.

(4) A kind of boat.

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. . . How often the children of missionaries passing through the port have received a package of toys as they have started on the long voyage.”¹

“My own memories, from those of my earliest boyhood to those of our last stay with you in Japan . . . are of one who gave himself in joyous, loving service to others. I remember how on my birthday, in Ningpo, because he didn’t know about it and so had no other present, he gave himself for the day,—drawing pictures, playing games, making paper hats, etc. . . . I remember, too, how he loaded us down with benefits on our trip to Karuizawa, so that each little package in our lunch basket reminded us with pleased surprise of his forethought and taste.”²

“I shall never forget the day he came . . . to read and pray with me. It was after a terrible night when I could not get the sleep I so much needed. . . . I was suffering still and sorely depressed, and I just poured it all out in his sympathetic ears. I remember that he seemed too full of sympathy for words. He bowed his head in his hands for a moment and then began to repeat word after word of God’s promises, each one sinking into my heart as if spoken by the Comforter, and I doubt not but that the Holy Spirit gave him the words. And this was followed by one of his beautiful prayers, and my burden was lifted.”³

“Oct. 17, 1909. Today in our Himeji church Uchida San preached a memorial sermon. The text was Acts XX:24, and the title . . . *Kami no hito* [man of

(1) Rev. J. L. Dearing, D. D.
(2) F. W. Goddard, M. D.

(3) Mrs. Nathan Maynard.

KINDNESSES

God] taken from Dr. Bennett's hymn. . . . He showed how perfectly Dr. Bennett was 'God's man' in every department of life and service. It is remarkable the minute knowledge he had of many incidents in the doctor's life—little things that he never thought of have been passed on and on by the Japanese . . . his kindly thoughtfulness of the jinrikishamen, so that they came to know and speak of him as a respected friend; his treatment of his cooks; his patient kindness to troublesome students, calling them '*kyodai yo*' [brothers] instead of scolding; wearing an old watch on trips where a gold one might be a temptation to some one; his persistent following up even to his country home of someone who had backslidden and fallen into sin. Such things are now treasured by the Japanese and are examples and incentives not to the Japanese alone. . . . It came to me with new force that Christ Himself may be better understood by many people by such lives than even by Bible study."*

My sister, Mrs. O. P. Thomson, quotes thus from a conversation in a hotel:—" 'I have never met since his death,' said I, 'one person who really knew Dr. Bennett who did not mention some kindness he had shown him.'

. . . A friend exclaimed, 'Dr. Moore from Tokyo is here. I wonder if he knew him.' 'Very likely,' I replied, and added, 'If this gentleman knew Dr. Bennett and does not mention some little courtesy received from him, he will be my first exception.' . . . To my question if he knew Dr. Bennett he replied, 'Yes, indeed,

*Rev. F. C. Briggs.

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I knew Dr. Bennett, as all Japan missionaries did. I never think of him without recalling one summer I spent in a Yokohama hospital. Every week, and sometimes oftener, he found time to come and see me. I shall never forget his prayers. One who was present during a visit said to me afterwards, "I never heard a man pray like that. Truly he talks with God." " "

One of his own two sisters writes of him as "absolutely without thought of self, and full of thought for others. Self-abnegation personified describes him best." The other says, "My chief recollection of him was his supreme unselfishness and his patience with others."

"The most unselfish man I ever knew."*

*Rev. S. W. Hamblen.

FAITHFULNESS.

One who knew him well says of Mr. Bennett that "faithfulness seemed to be the keynote of his life." He was faithful to God. When others complained or murmured at God's dealings, he would try to show them the silver lining of the cloud. It seemed as if nothing could shake him from his perfect rest in the will of God. Trials he had and great anxieties that drove him to agonizing prayer, but his prayer was usually for strength and guidance rather than for resignation. "He was ever eager to take the lowest seat, to undertake the work which seemed obscure or difficult."* He was unflinching and clear in denouncing wrong or urging duty, yet so quick to recognize the good and to sympathize with the tempted or the discouraged that he was felt by each to be a true, loving friend. He longed to do his whole duty, to leave unutilized not one God-given opportunity for doing good or honoring His name. One notable illustration of this was an address he gave at the funeral of an English sea-captain, when he sounded forth the gospel call so clear and strong that the rough men collected there never forgot it.

As a friend none could be more wholeheartedly faithful than he. This was evidenced by the unobtrusive, unexpected "little deeds of kindness, little words of love" that seemed as natural to him as his breath, and as constant.

*Dr. Harrington's Address.

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Says Dr. Dearing:—"Harsh or critical words almost never fell from his lips, and when others spoke harshly or severely of anyone Dr. Bennett was almost sure to come to the rescue with some word of excuse or explanation or defense. One's reputation was always safe in Dr. Bennett's hands."

To his convictions he was ever faithfully loyal for himself, yet for others he showed very markedly that grace of charity, too rarely blended with convictions strong and regnant, evincing in all his intercourse with others profound regard for liberty of conscience. "He had strong convictions in regard to matters of present day theological discussions and Christian doctrine; holding firmly . . . the evangelical faith."* Rev. George Bullen, D. D., has said of him:—"In questions demanding sober thought and discriminating judgment he welcomed light. He looked for the principles involved and thus reached his conclusions. And there he stood. It mattered little whether majorities were with him. If he approved of a measure proposed by a brother . . . yesterday in private, he was with that brother today in public, though the measure proved unpopular. He could change his mind, but it must be for reasons. . . . When a question of importance was decided against him, he knew how to accept the decision, fall into line and go forward. And relations did not become strained. . . . His brothers were his brothers still."

The following is from a letter written by Dr. Dearing who succeeded Dr. Bennett as president of the Seminary. "Pacific Ocean, Feb. 2nd, 1909. My dear Dr. Bennett:—

*Dr. Harrington's Address.

FAITHFULNESS

As I am spending these days crossing the ocean, I have suffered my mind to go back . . . over the fourteen years of life in the Seminary and also to the beginning of my stay in Japan. For these twenty years nearly we have been thrown very much together. As we have often said, we have not always agreed in views. Very many times we have seen things from a different standpoint. I think that we have always honestly disagreed, and that we have both had only the best interests of the Master's Kingdom as the highest in our minds, and this is why it has been possible for us to so strongly differ and yet to esteem each other so highly. I feel, as our relations so close and peculiar are now for a greater or less degree to be broken, that it is but right that I should express to you my very profound appreciation of your brotherly attitude throughout the years. We have been at a number of places placed in relations in which it would have been possible for a less Christian man than you to have made it very difficult and hard for me. You have continued through it all to work on in the kindest spirit and to be patient. I have not said much, but I have been deeply moved many times by your unfailing kindness and brotherly spirit in the midst of all these things. As we stand at the parting of the ways in a measure, I want to acknowledge most deeply my debt of gratitude and my appreciation of all that you have been to me during these years. In the conduct of the Seminary you have ever co-operated at least as far as you honestly could, and when differing from me have never placed needless obstructions in my way. I do not think it would have

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been possible for a faculty to work together more harmoniously and pleasantly than we have done during these years. I owe very much to you for all you have done, being the senior member of the teaching staff, to make it pleasant and helpful."

In the Address of Appreciation mentioned elsewhere are these words:—"It was because of the greatness of his love that when he saw one committing sin he said in tones of sorrow . . . 'How can we abandon him to sin and shame?' . . . It was told by one that on a dreadful day of wind and rain he heard, as it were, the voice of God speaking in gentle tones beneath the iron-barred window of his prison. On looking out in amazement, whom should he see but Pastor Bennett! . . . When a certain person came to rob Dr. Bennett's fruit trees, he called to him, and gathering a handful of the fruit said, 'Here, take this, and let me not be the occasion of your committing a sin.' . . . It was men like this who while hating sin have no feeling against the sinner, and whose complete sincerity is recognized by all, who by their very influence change the hearts of men."

PRAYER LIFE.

"Dr. Bennett was a man of deep and sincere piety. There was nothing morbid or sanctimonious in his religious life. It was all bright and cheerful and wholesome and natural."* He loved to pray. Many persons have spoken of his prayers. They had a directness and child-like simplicity, and confidence coupled with humility, which revealed how close he walked and how intimately he communed with his Saviour. They were peculiarly free from perfunctory and stereotyped expressions; "informal, intimate, spiritual prayers that always brought us nearer to the throne of heavenly grace."* He did not pray for the sake of filling up time, any more than one holds converse with his best beloved for that reason. His prayers were by no means mere petitions; praise, adoration, confession, thanks mingled in fair proportion. He wrestled much in intercessory prayer, pleading for blessings upon many a one who little dreamed of it. If anyone requested his prayers he tried to remember it, though he often hesitated to promise definitely to do so, lest he should forget; but among the most readily accessible things in his desk was found a small blank-book, entitled *Oranda*, bearing names of persons and of other more or less transient subjects for prayer.

Indeed, his prayer life was vital to him. When alone and with nothing else demanding attention he would

*Dr. Harrington's Address.

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sometimes spend hours in converse with God. He believed in a prayer-answering God, and loved to hear or read testimonies to answered prayer. He said once that although he could not see any connection between pressing a button at the door and meeting his friend within, yet he had observed that doing this was so generally followed by the opening of the door that he was bound to believe there was some connection between the two.

Mr. Bennett disliked to be asked to pronounce the benediction. "Pronounce" it he never would, insisting that he was not worthy, but he always converted it into a prayer which included also the speaker.

HOME LIFE.

Mr. Bennett dearly loved his home and family, and whenever separated from them letters and postals, or telegrams, came back with great frequency. Of his home-life, let others speak. "Herbert and I often talk about . . . Dr. Bennett, and Herbert would tell you that Dr. Bennett is one of his heroes. I don't think I ever met anyone who lived up to my ideal of a Christian as Dr. Bennett did. His utter unselfishness, kindness and greatness of humility struck me deeply. We shall never forget him and the good his very life did to me. I came away from your house [—having spent ten days there—] feeling that I would endeavor to entertain strangers in the way you and Dr. Bennett did." ¹

"We have many, many times recalled our first night in Japan, spent in your home, and the pleasure of joining in your family worship. Yours was a beautiful home, and you have much cause for thankfulness that for so many years it was a model of what a missionary's home should be." ²

"We have spoken repeatedly of the delightful visit we had . . . in your home and the kindness of Dr. Bennett. We could not be with him one evening without being impressed by his saintly character." ³

"Especially the sweet influence of his life in his home, and his gentle spirit everywhere . . . made a deep

(1) Mrs. Redfern, of Ningpo.
(2) Mrs. N. Maynard.

(3) Mrs. Truman Johnson.

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impression upon all. . . . His home life was delightful, and when for a year he was entirely separated from his family few knew how much he suffered without a murmur; . . . it was only at rare intervals that a stray word revealed the loneliness and longing for the dear ones.”*

*Dr. Dearing.

DISPLACED AND HONORED.

Like Paul, Mr. Bennett might have said, "I know how to be abased and I know also how to abound." Of the former experience Dr. Dearing has written:—"Perhaps the Christlike spirit of the man as a missionary never appeared more unmistakably than when, called upon to lay down the work as executive of the Seminary which he loved as his own soul, he quietly gave these duties over into the hands of a younger man of less experience, and continued with unwavering loyalty and fidelity to perform his duties as teacher in the departments over which he presided, and continued cordially to support the school in the carrying out of measures which in some respects were not wholly approved by him. No one saw Dr. Bennett pass through that period of his life without a profound admiration for him and a deeper appreciation of the true spirit of Christ which was ever manifest in his life, although rarely under such trying circumstances." About this same time, too, came other trying experiences—slights which he could not understand but which he would not harbor. He tried to think that either they were unintentional or there were some good reasons of which he was unaware. He spoke of them to no one but his Comforter; to Him he poured out his soul, and from Him he received peace and strength and guidance.

Before long came a change. The summer of 1900

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brought the honor, quite unsought by him, of receiving from his Alma Mater the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Of course he was gratified, yet he used to request his friends, especially his fellow-workers, to refrain from addressing him as "Doctor," for he said he did not deserve it. "Call me Brother," were his words.

In September, celebrating the completion of the fifteenth year of his pastorate, the church held a Thanksgiving Service at which Mr. Bennett was presented with an Address of Appreciation, and was given a pair of beautiful cloisonné vases made expressly for the purpose. The next day was the twenty-first anniversary of our wedding—a perfect Sunday. It was made particularly memorable by the baptism of two of our children—making six of our seven that their father had been privileged to baptize. A year and a half later—the last Sunday before returning to America on furlough—he baptized also the youngest.

He had frequently urged the church to call a Japanese pastor, and on the eve of his furlough they "reluctantly accepted his resignation, but . . . constituted him Honorary Pastor for life."

In thinking of all these honors and blessings so heaped upon him almost at once, he often exclaimed, "Why has the dear Lord done this?"

VARIED TALENTS.

"Dr. Bennett was a man of many talents, all held subject to the will of God and the need of man. He was a remarkable man in the variety of his gifts. He had an aptness for almost any kind of handicraft. He could have been a successful mechanic, or engineer, or constructor. He had more than ordinary skill and taste in artistic lines, and on occasion could illustrate and adorn with his pencil the products of his pen. He had the instincts of a student and he enjoyed delving in various kinds of lore [—ancient folk-lore, histories, etymologies. Analyzing Chinese characters was rare sport to him, like deciphering rebuses and puzzles. He never wanted to be told the answer to a conundrum till he had tried to solve it himself.] When at college mathematics was a pastime to him, and he had a gift for language and for languages. He had marked ability as a public speaker and as a writer, both in prose and in verse, in English and in Japanese. I was constantly in admiration of the variety of things he could do, and do excellently well." Thus says Dr. Harrington, and Dr. Dearing adds, "He possessed a knowledge and skill in medicine that told of the spoiling of a good physician when he became a missionary." Prof. E. W. Clement calls him "a mechanical genius." Certainly Mr. Bennett was adept in the use of tools, and decidedly ingenious. These facts were evidenced by a host of con-

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veniences in the house and about the yard, and in children's toys. This was one of the ways in which he enjoyed relaxation from mental strain. Walking was another recreation of which he was fond, and he always had a call to make or an errand to do for someone.

"The Yokohama Mission Station for many years held a little devotional service on Saturday evening which for a period of years convened in the home of Dr. Bennett. Probably through this service a spiritual stimulus has come to very many lives. Not only those dwelling in Yokohama but the occasional visitor has been strengthened by this meeting. Through all these years Dr. Bennett has been most faithful in supporting it, and through it his spiritual power has been very strongly felt. For the maintenance of this service we are very greatly indebted to his interest and convictions as to its value for himself and for us all, hence it has rarely been omitted and very rarely displaced by any other."¹

"Dr. Bennett embodied native refinement and the Christian graces to a rare degree. He was modest, always delighting to step back and push some one else to the fore; but when any work was to be done he accepted it conscientiously and gave to it the best that was in him—and that was the very choicest."²

"As a student he was most painstaking. . . . Whatever came from his study, whether from his pen or in public address or sermon, gave unmistakable evidence of careful thought. . . . Although teaching for years in one department, even at the last he made faithful preparation for each lesson."³ It should be

(1) Dr. Dearing.

(2) *The Standard*.

(3) Dr. Dearing.

VARIED TALENTS

added that whatever view Mr. Bennett held or position occupied he was satisfied with only the strongest evidence, and often hesitated to trust what others considered ample. In a letter dated October, 1891, Mr. Bennett wrote, "It is now ten p. m., and I have been spending the evening preparing for my class tomorrow. I have to work pretty hard just now, but it will probably be easier for me later on. I think I give nearly if not quite three hours to work outside of class in addition to the three that I am now trying to teach daily."

"Dr. Bennett was a power in the pulpit"—whether in English or in Japanese. His sermons betrayed intimate and reverent acquaintance with the Bible. They were rich in spiritual incentive and practical suggestion. Many of them took hold of hearts with a grip not to be shaken off. In the Union Church of Yokohama (called by the Japanese the American church) he was often called to preach and was heard gladly. It was there that he preached his last sermon—an impressive one—on birthdays, the first Sunday in August. In Japanese he was one of the all too few missionaries whose use of the language made them welcome preachers. Dr. Dearing has said, "Almost the only time that I have ever seen Japanese weep under the influence of a sermon was when Dr. Bennett was preaching."

TESTIMONIES.

The following brief extracts from the words of friends bring out traits in Mr. Bennett's character. Although very many of the letters contain reference to his "thoughtfulness for others," or to his being "kindness and charity incarnate," or "supremely unselfish"—"absolutely unselfish," these are largely omitted here.

"Such a rare bright spirit as he was! He was indeed a benediction to this whole community."¹

"It was always a strength and a tonic to meet him even for a few minutes . . . hear his bracing words."²

"We all loved your revered husband. And how we will miss his wise counsel!"³

"His last benediction was as beautiful as his life had been. We cannot estimate the value of his life-work to our Baptist cause in Japan."⁴

"He has done so much for Japan. If it were not for solid foundations laid in years gone by, the work that is going on today would not be possible."⁵

" . . . labor on without the cheer and help and love he used to give us so freely."⁶

"We rarely see strength and gentleness so combined. . . . A half dozen of Dr. Bennett's gentle sentences could carry with them more force than a long deliverance from a less unselfish man."⁷

"While on that visit I learned what a tower of strength Dr. Bennett was in the mission, how wise his judgment, and how kind and considerate his treatment of his fellow-workers."⁸

"We are having some anxieties about the Emmanuel church,

(1) Miss Julia Moulton.

(2) Mr. George Braithwaite.

(3) Mrs. J. K. McCauley.

(4) Rev. W. H. Clarke.

(5) Mrs. Wm. Axling.

(6) Miss E. F. Wilcox.

(7) Mrs. N. Maynard.

(8) Mrs. H. F. Googins.

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and Serata *San* said the other day, 'Now we need Dr. Bennett.' How we trusted in and relied upon him!"¹

"He was an elder brother, a brother beloved, one to whom I could open my inner heart with restful confidence. . . . His clear vision of spiritual things, of moral values, his interpretation of the divine leadings . . . had prophetic value to me, but more than all was I moved by the love that I could feel he bore me. . . . It were well worth coming to Japan to be loved by such a brother."²

"Among those who have enjoyed Dr. Bennett's companionship and have been associated with him in the work, I believe there is none who has been so continuously close to him as myself . . . from the beginning of my missionary life. . . . All these years he has been to me more than a father and a brother. . . . To him I owe in great part whatever happiness or satisfaction or success I have had in my work."³

"He was truly a godly man, which is more than a spiritual man. . . . I never saw Japanese men weep before till these men when speaking of Dr. Bennett and what he had done for them. He was truly loved by this people."⁴

The next four are from Japanese.

"He was a Christian whom I appreciated from my heart. He was a sympathizer whom I hoped to be like; an evangelist whom I prayed to be like. But I have lost my leader, my father."⁵

"I desire to follow Dr. Bennett's beautiful step."⁶

"Dr. Bennett's body is dead, but his soul is still living and his words are still speaking. I cannot forget Dr. Bennett's love and kindness to me while I was in Seminary and after I came out and began to work. . . . Please remember the many brothers and sisters that have been influenced for good in this country by him, and be comforted."⁷

- (1) Miss A. H. Kidder.
- (2) Rev. H. Topping.
- (3) Dr. C. K. Harrington.
- (4) Miss Lavinia Mead.

- (5) Evangelist H. Ono.
- (6) Miss S. Watanabe.
- (7) Rev. K. Imai.

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"Some time ago when there seemed danger of a rupture of the friendly relations between the United States and Japan, a considerable part of the credit of averting this calamity was due, it is believed, to Dr. Bennett's quiet but earnest efforts on behalf of peace."¹

"It seems but the other day that we walked together to the prayer-meeting . . . and as we neared the place he said to me, 'We are in the habit of keeping silence from here as we go to the prayer-meeting, that our minds may be calm and ready to enter into communion with the Lord.' I have never forgotten the words, and have more than once quoted them to my people."²

"His warm, pleading, rapidly uttered petitions in the prayer-meeting."³

"Friends who knew him only casually thanked God for . . . such a man; those who knew him more intimately . . . were drawn closer to the Higher Life in which he lived."⁴

"My association with him . . . has been to me a rich blessing. The inspiration of his faith and zeal and devotion will never leave me."⁵

" . . . my best loved college friend. He was with us at our reunion at Brown a few years ago, and added so much to the happiness of us all. Well, that is what he was always doing: multiplying the happiness of those round about him. It was like the life of the Master, a spending and being spent for the sake of others."⁶

"He was a rare soul—transparent, genuine, modest, Christian."⁷

"While I was in the Seminary I manifested a most detestable tendency to sarcastic criticism, and seemed to delight in being as caustic and cruel as possible in my classroom exercises. One day in private your husband spoke to me in a plain but most kindly way, assuring me that my manner had made me many enemies.

(1) Rev. S. Mitamura.

(2) Rev. T. P. Poate.

(3) Rev. J. H. Ballagh D. D.

(4) Mr. C. E. Griffin.

(5) Rev. S. W. Hamblen.

(6) Rev. J. H. Mason, D. D.

(7) Rev. N. E. Wood, D. D.

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His gracious admonition struck home, and deeply. If, as it seems, all who knew me in my after ministry not only never knew that I ever possessed such a cruel spirit, but knew on the contrary that I gained the reputation for its precise opposite, the recording angel has long ago placed the credit to the account of Albert Arnold Bennett."¹

"He had a heart overflowing with eagerness to help. Like his Master, he longed to lift burdens, to speak a word of good cheer, to comfort the heavy-hearted. . . . He reflected so much of the spirit of the Master that to be in the presence of the earthly friend was a continual reminder of our Lord and Saviour."²

"Brother Bennett was very, very dear to us all. I know that our mission company did not have and has never had a member of purer heart, more profound unselfishness, and more whole-hearted in devotion to his service for God and his fellowmen."³

"He was so strong in his convictions and yet so considerate in his thought for others, that I have always thought of him as the 'beloved disciple.'"⁴

He was full of humor, and very quick with joke or pun. By a trifling addition or subtraction he would often change the entire meaning of a sentence. Especially if anyone was praising him would he do this, or if any was down-hearted, or uttering some ill-concealed unkindness. "In a conversation with a young missionary, his deep Christian spirit most distinctly expressed itself, calling out this response from the young man, 'You are a saint, Dr. Bennett,' and he said, 'Well, yes, I suppose we are all saints in the New Testament sense.' 'But we are not like you,' was the young man's reply, and the rejoinder was, with its sweet accent of humor, 'I hope not.' At one time our esteemed missionary, Mrs. Carpenter, was in great perplexity and she said she wanted the advice of 'our saint.' He was thus known among them"⁵—although quite unbeknown to himself.

"During Dr. Bennett's residence in Providence in 1902 to 1904,

(1) Rev. C. M. Jones.

(2) Miss E. C. Robinson.

(3) Rev. T. S. Barbour, D. D.

(4) Miss Ella D. MacLaurin.

(5) Rev. George Bullen, D. D.

ALBERT ARNOLD BENNETT

I had opportunity to become acquainted with the sterling character and rare spirit of the man. He was a man of most genial disposition, of exceptional gifts and of entire consecration. . . . It is no wonder that one whom God so loved and honored should be loved and honored by all who knew him.”*

The following was adopted by the Executive Committee of the American Baptist Missionary Union, and in forwarding it Mr. Huntington wrote that it “does not represent at all too strongly the very high regard and esteem in which Dr. Bennett was held by the members of the Committee and of those at the Rooms.”

“MINUTE ON REV. ALBERT ARNOLD BENNETT, D. D.

Albert Arnold Bennett, faithful servant of God and missionary to the Japanese, entered into rest October 12, 1909, after thirty years of connection with the American Baptist Missionary Union. During this long period he enjoyed the unquestioning confidence of this committee and of his fellow-missionaries. To his associates he had endeared himself by his gentle and sympathetic spirit, his genuine and considerate brotherliness, his sweetness of temper, his singularly beautiful character. . . .

His one field of labor was Yokohama, where he wrought for four years as an evangelist, and for twenty-five years as one of the faculty of the theological seminary, for the first ten years of which time he was the president of the school. His departments were New Testament Interpretation and Homiletics. Being such a man as he was, his influence upon the rising Christian ministry of that interesting people was strong, and it was only salutary. He taught the Christianity of the New Testament. He gave the strength of his mind and heart to those he taught. While doing this seminary work he always had much evangelistic responsibility. Special mention should be made of his committee work, to which he brought a candid mind, a rare judicial temper, and to which he gave much time and strength. He was endowed with superior literary gifts. . . . A sermon in verse indicates the

*Rev. Henry M. King, D. D.

TESTIMONIES

type of his mind. His work shows painstaking labor, scholarly finish, marked ability. He thus filled up the period allotted him with earnest, faithful, valuable service, for which he was honored by all.

His tender and thoughtful kindnesses to his missionary associates, to his students and other Japanese were unintermitting, unostentatiously expressing his love and commanding universal affection. His spirit was the spirit of the heavenly Master, and his spiritual influence persuasive and potential. He died in the harness. Disease had long been preying upon him. . . . And yet in his last report of work made to the Conference at its annual meeting he gave thanks for 'working health,' for strength to do 'more committee work and other mission work than for many a year, without missing an hour from the seminary on account of ill health.' . . . The spirit and character of the man appear in the closing paragraph of the report already referred to. 'There is one other matter in regard to which I desire to record my gratitude to the great Head of the church. With the close of this present term, the school has completed twenty-five years of its history. I have had the honor to be connected with it from its inception and, with the exception of the two years when I was home on furlough, have taught in it every term of this quarter of a century. With deep self-reproach for many a mistake and too constant lethargy, I still realize, and all the more because of my own deficiencies, the fathomless mercy and measureless grace, that has allowed me to be for so long a time numbered among the teachers of our loved Theological Seminary.' . . .

Albert Arnold Bennett was regarded by his fellow missionaries and indeed called, their Saint. He was their St. Bernard of Clairvaux. Precious is the legacy of such a character and such a ministry."

LITERARY WORK.

Some years ago the following words appeared in *The Standard*:—"Dr. Bennett has high intellectual qualities that frequently display themselves, and would, if his powers were oftener called out, bring him honor in the world of letters. His style of composition is clear, sparkling and witty." In a later issue are these words about him:—"He was poetical, mystical, devout, and he was very practical. These qualities are finely blended in his literary style."

His analytical mind prepared first the outline of what he wished to present—its main heads and sub-divisions, and then still smaller divisions, till the skeleton was well-nigh covered, needing only to be clothed. Yet his sermons did not bristle with firstly's and finally's. The skeleton was there, but it was not exhibited. In college days other students often asked him to prepare their analysis for them. To him this was mere play. His sermon outlines—or even all that he entrusted to paper anyway—were often written on the back of an envelope or on any scrap of paper handy at the time.

"The literary work of Dr. Bennett was large for one whose life was so largely filled with the daily routine of work."*

In the Japanese language, besides the completion of the hymn-book and the New Testament revision left unfinished by Dr. Brown at his death and the series of tracts for jinrikishamen already mentioned, he wrote a tract entitled *A Guide to Some Christian Teachings* which still proves very useful, made later translations and revisions of the New Testament, translations of Dr. Harper's *Studies in the Gospel of Luke*, Steven and Burton's *Harmony of the Gospels*, and Harper and Goodspeed's *The Life and Times of the Christ*—not to mention various shorter produc-

*Dr. Dearing.

LITERARY WORK

tions such as hymns, tracts and frequent occasional articles in *Kyoho*, the monthly religious paper of Japanese Baptists.

"He thus performed a wide ministry, furnishing aids for the instruction of students and putting Christian truth into the hands of the Japanese in forms helpful for worship, for private and domestic profiting, also for use in social relations."¹

Among his writings in English are a history of the church which he served as pastor before leaving his native land, an account of *The First Protestant Missionary Collection for Japan*, a history of the Yokohama Baptist church, a *Biographical Sketch of Rev. Nathan Brown, D.D.*, a hymn-book in which are about a dozen of his own hymns, besides articles for magazines and papers. He also prepared a number of short Scripture Calendars that were much appreciated. Of a devotional paper, *The Place of Prayer and Intercession in the Life of the Missionary*, read first at a Missionary Conference in Tokyo, a friend says, "It is to me a wonderful paper." "An exhaustive *Analysis of Romans* in Greek and English, which has been highly praised by competent Biblical scholars in America,"² Mr. Bennett prepared after many years of studying and teaching of the Epistle. He wrote also *A Sermon in Verse* "of high poetical merit," which met with a good deal of favor even though Dr. S. F. Smith did write to him that he had "not aimed to displace Milton from his throne, and he sits there still"! Dr. Smith added, "I felt, in reading, as if I had been transplanted back to John Bunyan's rare studio, when he wrote the rhymed preface to his *Pilgrim's Progress*."

. . . You have written truth and legitimacy, more in the style of Wordsworth than of Byron, but all sanctified by the Gospel and by love and by wisdom."

When death overtook him, the English edition of his last work had not yet come from the printer. It was entitled, *Homiletics Part I. The Preacher in His Relation to the Sermon*. It was intended to be both in English and in Japanese. This work embodied the best of Mr. Bennett's instructions in homiletics to the Seminary students during a quarter of a century. In

(1) Executive Committee.

(2) Dr. Harrington.

ALBERT ARNOLD BENNETT

its grand divisions of the subject, and therefore in its way of developing it, it is said to be unique. Rev. C. M. Jones has written of "that incomparable little book in homiletics. . . . During my life I have read many elaborate and weighty works on the business of preaching, but certainly none which could compare with this gem. It seems to me to be not only the simplest, the wisest, the most faithful and still the kindest of all homiletic advice, but to me it reads like an autobiography, unconsciously dictated for the eye that can read between the lines."

This work was to have been in three parts. *Part II, The Sermon*, in English, was nearly ready for the printer; *Part III, The Relation between the Sermon and the Hearers*, was already begun. Part I and much of Part II had been translated. Considerable of Part I had appeared serially in *Kyoho*. Thanks to a friend, its publication has been continued, and also the translation of Part II. Thus "he being dead yet speaketh."

HYMNS AND OTHER POEMS.

The following selections illustrate Mr. Bennett's fluency as a writer of poetry.

We who with clearer light despise
The grosser forms sin took of old
Must needs beware lest in disguise
It gain on us a stronger hold.

With men of blood and shameless lust
We deem we have no common tie,
But down beneath our polished crust
Are there no sins of scarlet dye?

To molten gods no gift is brought,
To chiseled forms we lift no cry,
But still the god of modern thought
Is shaped by man, is still a lie.

O God so far above our reach,
While man is man and sin is sin,
Thyself alone Thyself can teach
Or make us wholly pure within.

ALBERT ARNOLD BENNETT

CHRISTIAN SONG.

I thank Thee, Lord, for Christian song;
A river whose sweet streams of praise
Shall make most glad those hearts that long
To reach God's city, walk God's ways,
Yet fain would woo all to its brink
To make them thirst, then give them drink.
To places where God's people meet
It bears the joy with which 'tis stored,
Yet most delights to bathe the feet
Of those who suffer for their Lord;
And thus, like Pison's stream of old,
To flow to lands of purest gold.

As, long ago, from smitten rock
God called forth waters that should slake
The thirst of man, of herd, of flock,
And even then should naught abate,
But follow in erst arid ways
His people all their pilgrim days—
So, often too, from riven heart
Has He evoked some pent-up spring,
Some gush of song that from the start
Was sweet and soothing; and our King
Still sends it with us as we march
To lave the lips that else might parch.

And, like that crystal stream that glides
From near God's throne, and bathes the roots
Of all those trees on both its sides
Which yield their varied monthly fruits,

HYMNS AND OTHER POEMS

And then, when nothing else relieves,
Will heal the nations with their leaves—
So, from where God and angels dwell,
Archangel and seraphic throng
Roll down their heavenly praise to swell
This current, and make Christian song
Bring sweetest juice from fruits of grace,
And benisons for all the race.

So thank I God for Christian song.
It comes to sweeten, soothe, inspire ;
It comes to counteract the wrong,
And lift us up to something higher ;
It comes to wake but one acclaim
From every rank and creed and name.
And when God's saints that now must war,
Shall change their weapons for their thrones,
And know as ne'er they knew before,
His worth whose blood for them atones,
They'll make heaven ring with that new psalm—
The song of Moses and the Lamb.

The glow of gem severely wrought,
The poor crushed flower's perfumed breath,
The song of bird by cunning caught,
Christ's prayer for all who sought His death,
Each says :—"If we would nobly live
We must learn nobly to forgive.

ALBERT ARNOLD BENNETT

ST. JOHN.

O Jesus, dearest, loving God,
I pant, I faint for Thee.
To think of Thee is ravishing,
But oh, with Thee to be!
Must I yet wait? Lord, grant me strength
To wait on patiently.

I gloried that Thy mother should
Behold in me a son;
I glory more that Thou and I
By Thine own word are one.
Again to rest on Thy dear breast,
Oh that my race were run!

I think that more than all the ten
I pined for Thy loved face;
I envied those whom martyrdom
Transported to Thy place.
Thine earthly friends are with Thee now,
All but—— Lord, grant me grace.

Ah, James, true brother, favored much,
I would that Herod's sword
Had given me as well as thee
The death-step to our Lord;
Not seat at His right hand, but He
Our coveted reward.

HYMNS AND OTHER POEMS

And Peter, dearest earthly friend,
How glad I would have been
To tarry not, but share thy cross,
Thy life with Him to win.
To *me* yon land has been revealed
But *thou* hast entered in.

I'm old and lone and exiled,
And the murmur of this sea
Pains me with thoughts of other days
In far off Galilee.
I will be patient, but my heart
Aches, Lord, to be with Thee.

I said that I could drink Thy cup!
Ne'er can I know the whole;
But this do know, Sabachthani
Embittered all Thy bowl!—
Oh, Thou hast promised Thou wilt come;
Come quickly, pleads my soul.

PALM SUNDAY.

I may not climb the towering palm
To strew its branches on Thy way,
But, while my garments are not fit
Before such holy feet to lay,
If Thou wilt condescend so far,
These ornaments that were my pride
I strip from me that o'er them Thou,
My King, may in Thy triumph ride.

Since Thou, O triune Godhead,
Didst frame that wondrous plan,
By which the Well-beloved
Was sacrificed for man;
Well may we, ransomed sinners,
Rememb'ring what we cost,
Long to become soul-winners,
For Him who saves the lost.

If Jesus, Son obedient,
Was eaten up with zeal,
And deemed it meat convenient
To do the Father's will;
May we, ere our day passes,
With love and fervor tell
His message, or to masses,
Or woman at a well.

To gentile, and to Jew, too,
We owe a ponderous debt;
But that to Christ, our Lord, due
Is far more ponderous yet:
Should we be glad or sad then,
Defeat or conquest share,
Be called or gods or madmen,
We'll preach Christ everywhere.

HYMNS AND OTHER POEMS

Take my inconstant heart,
Unchanging Christ;
Oh, would that from the start
Thou hadst sufficed!
Thou art my all, and yet
How oft I Thee forget!
Oh, henceforth ever let
Me boast but Christ.

This world's prince loved Thee not,
Nor loves he me;
He had no part nor lot,
My Prince, in Thee.
I, too, disown his claim,
Account his praise my shame,
Am proud if for Thy name
He scorneth me.

Then let the world and me
Forever part!
Both friends and foes shall see
Who holds my heart.
What though the devil spare
That heart nor bruise nor tear,
When Christ comes, there'll be ne'er
Wound left, nor smart.

ALBERT ARNOLD BENNETT

O Book of God, designed for man,
Thou wast not made on human plan,
Though holy men thy pages traced,
The Holy Ghost the thought implaced.
Through every age thy foes were great,
Thou caredst not for human hate;
Thou camest forth from fire again,
To kindle fires for books of men.

Thou makest known to us our God,
His easy yoke, His chastening rod,
His love immense, His awful wrath,
And attributes none other hath.
Through thee alone we rightly view
Man's littleness and largeness, too;
Discover pearls of priceless worth,
Discern the tinselled toys of earth.

May he who did the word indite
Effulge its page with sacred light,
And thus to me may that be blest
Which men unlearned, unstable, wrest.
O Lord, engrave so on my heart
This book, that when its counterpart,
The book of life, Thou shalt unseal,
Its list of names may mine reveal.

HYMNS AND OTHER POEMS

[Written for, and sung at, the Dedicatory Service of the Mission Ship, "Fukuin Maru," Sept. 13, 1899.]

Great God, whose mighty hand
Holds main, and surf, and strand;
Whom storms obey;
Thou blessed Trinity,
We give for aye to Thee
This Bethel on the sea:
Accept, we pray.

May all on board be Thine,
And may Thy life divine
Glow in them all:
Make them a noble few;
Let officers and crew
Have hearts both pure and true
That on Thee call.

May He who, when afloat,
Made pulpit of His boat,
Here teach again.
And, as on many a shore
Disciples toiled of yore,
Let these men toil once more—
Fishers of men.

The islands of the sea,
Wait they not all for Thee,
Thou heavenly King?
Then let this vessel go
Among them, to and fro,
Till they Thy justice know,
Thy mercy sing.

ALBERT ARNOLD BENNETT

TWILIGHT.

[*This hymn was sung in Japanese at the funeral service.*]

Heavenly Father, Holy Lord,
At this quiet evening hour,
May we, tuned to nature's chord,
Feel, like it, Thy soothing power.

As from earth the bright tints flown
Pause on yonder clouds for prayer,
We commend the seed we've sown
This day, Father, to Thy care.

Evening now, with mantle broad,
Ruder shapes and hues conceals;
May our charity, O Lord,
Cover what each day reveals.

Now the cattle cease to roam,
Now the birds seek welcome nest;
Life's day done, may we go home!
Grant us then Thy people's rest.

[*An answer to a letter from Capt. Bickel detained in Hiogo Bay, to the Mission Family in Yokohama, November, 1899.*]

As the sound of "three bells in the second dog-watch"
Died across Kanagawa Bay,
And the damp and the dark flung their long, cold arms
Round the ships that at anchor lay,

HYMNS AND OTHER POEMS

It was then, on the Bluff, in their usual place,
At their Saturday evening hour,
That a few loving hearts met to seek the Lord's face
And to ask for wisdom and power.
They were bound by Blood ties, they were called by one Name,
And they counted it joy to pray
Not alone for themselves and for others at home,
But for some who were far away.

A like stroke of "three bells in the second dog-watch"
Sounded, too, in Hiogo Bay;
It was struck from the deck of the new Mission Ship
All impatient to sail away;
But it fell like a note from an angel above
On the heart of the captain distrest,
For it bore him again to the Bluff place of prayer
Where his spirit found balm and rest.
So he prayed for himself, and he prayed for his crew,
And he prayed for their work at sea,
And he prayed, too, for those who were praying for him;
He was one of that family.

At the time of "three bells in the second dog-watch,"
The stars hung their lights in the sky;
But the prayers from both ports sped above them to God
Till they met at His throne on high.
And the Father looked down in His mercy and love
And was pleased with His children then,
And their hearts seemed to hear more the vespers of heaven
Than the bells that were struck by men.
Then resound the three bells in the bay 'neath the Bluff!
And resound in Hiogo's Bay!
For they woo us from earth, at this second dog-watch,
To the haven of nightless day.

ALBERT ARNOLD BENNETT

Baby Elsie on the matting,
Laughing, crowing, trying to grow,
Dashing each hand upward, downward,
Swinging each foot to and fro;
Oh, she looks so very lovely
Papa's haste grows wondrous slow.

Stooping down he lifts the treasure,
Holds her high, then hugs her tight,
Gives her such a flood of kisses
That he fears he gives her fright.
For a moment she looks sober,
Then laughs out in wild delight.

Once more kissed, she is laid fondly
Back upon the mat again;
But, ah me! she seems heartbroken,
And her tears gush forth like rain.
Papa leaving, thinks how often
Transient pleasure causes pain.

*[On the return of an umbrella brought home by mistake—to
Miss Anna Ballagh.]*

YOUR UMBRELLA'S SERMON.

May He who hath made us His grace so bequeath us
That we, not on Sun-days, but through the whole seven,
May stretch all our powers to defend those beneath us,
And point them in storm and in sunshine to Heaven.

HYMNS AND OTHER POEMS

THE CHILDREN'S MODEL.

Christ-Child of Nazareth, One Child divine!
Oh, let me copy Thee, line upon line;
Copy that heart that was pure as the snow,
Bright as the sunshine, warm as its glow;
Copy its absence of envy and pride;
Absence of brooding o'er things once denied;
Copy its longing for all that is right;
Copy its fancies, unstained day or night.

Christ-Child of Nazareth, One Child divine!
May I not copy Thee, line upon line?
Copy Thy speech, ever thoughtful, and sweet;
Copy Thy silence, when silence is meet;
Copy Thy hatred of harsh words and mean,
Slander, and lying and all words unclean;
Copy discreetness and like Thee unfold
Pictures of silver with apples of gold.

Christ-Child of Nazareth, One Child divine!
How shall I copy Thee line upon line?
Copy obedience that needed no rules;
Copy Thy use and Thy care of Thy tools;
Copy that play, too, which had for its aim
Winning of hearts more than winning the game;
Copy Thy worship: O Life, ever true,
Work Thou within me, to will and to do!

ALBERT ARNOLD BENNETT

[In the following hymn, the first stanza is a familiar translation of one of Luther's; the other four were written by Mr. Bennett. This and the next one were sung in his wife's school by his own children and a few others.]

Away in a manger, no crib for his bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head;
The stars up in heaven looked down where He lay—
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

Some shepherds were watching their flocks through the night,
They heard a strange sound and they saw a strange sight,
For beautiful angels came singing a hymn
Of little Lord Jesus a Saviour from sin.

Both Anna and Simeon, saints very old,
Were glad, very glad, the dear Babe to behold;
They fondled Him gently, and afterwards told
Of little Lord Jesus more precious than gold.

Wise men from the East, too, repeated the news,
This little Lord Jesus was King of the Jews:
They sought for His lodging, then led by His star
They found Him, and gave Him their gifts from afar.

O Lord God Almighty! we praise Thee to know
That Christ was a Babe in the long, long ago;
And praise Thee with every glad angel who sings
That little Lord Jesus is now King of Kings.

HYMNS AND OTHER POEMS

Cold and clear yet beautiful
Is the winter's sky,
Vast and deep and wonderful
Is its stretch on high.
Stars with stars seem scattered there
Forming strange designs,
Pictures made of diamonds rare,
Pictures without lines.

What are yonder heavens vast?
What their dots of gold?
Sages asked in ages past,
Young have asked, and old.
Is all but the distant home
Of the gods—the stars?
Do we still watch, as they roam,
Venus, Jove and Mars?

No! The heavens all declare
God's eternal might;
He alone could spread them there,
Ordering day and night.
Depths on depths of stars untold
His commands obey;
They no other gods behold,
Know no other's sway.

Oh, what satellites and suns,
Stars and systems, too!
Yet each in its orbit runs
Ceaselessly and true.
Mighty God who made them all,
And gave each its force,
Hear, oh, hear Thy children's call,
Perfect Thou our course.

LETTERS.

Mr. Bennett's letters—"the beautiful letters which he has written us"—were in easy conversational style, and thoroughly personal to the one addressed. Those to relatives and intimate friends abound in glowing accounts of his family and the doings and sayings of the children. He describes his surroundings, and how he has spent the day; and tells of the work, and perhaps narrates some occurrence of special interest. Always his big, loving heart and his deep devotion to God are artlessly in evidence; there is no effort either to show or to hide them.

He was careful to answer questions, and that too, as fully as circumstances permitted. Fond of flowers and natural beauty of all kinds, his letters were rich in graphic description and not infrequently enclosed flowers or leaves which he had pressed. Many of his letters to children,—from whom he delighted to receive them,—were adorned by drawings. An unfinished answer to one lay on his desk when God called Him home.

The first extract is taken from a letter addressed to "My dear Mr. Barrows," for his birthday in May, 1879.

"In taking me into that relationship with which you have consented to honor me,—in which I shall be your son and have the right to call you 'Father,'—you ought to be apprised of what a worthless thing I am, save as an indulgent God fills me with Himself—fills me as light fills a cracked and broken vessel, making it more luminous for its very cracks, and crowning its broken edge with a halo of brightness.

Your little family circle is of such a character that I feel like begging you will not ask too much of me when I am numbered within it. I would not dishonor God, or flatter those of your own flesh and blood, by implying that any of that happy group had aught of virtue apart from God. Such I know is not the

*Rev. W. H. Clarke.

LETTERS

case. But there are those, you know, in whom grace commences so early and so mightily to work that their lives unfold like the blossoms of a lily, in each of which there is indeed a worm, but a worm that died when the flower was in bud. In others, the blossom and worm grow together, and ere the worm has died the flower is marred forever. No, not for *ever* but for time. Such a worm-eaten and misshapen flower is the only one you get to place alongside a lily of your own to form a separate nosegay, but still your own. . . .

I am the more to blame for my unworthiness because God placed me under good parents. My own father, who seems to look down on me now from his picture by my side, was one of the best men I ever knew. Besides his own prayers in secret at morning and at night, he always had family worship before breakfast and after tea, and seldom if ever did he come home from his store without seeking his room for prayer. How often do I remember to have burst in upon him to find him on his knees praying, sometimes, doubtless, for that very boy who is writing to you now, unworthy either of the parents he has had or of those he is yet to have. My mother, too, was a very godly woman. I well remember her as I used to kneel at her knee, or hear her tell about my duties, or see her lying on her last bed of sickness triumphant in her faith in Christ."

(Sept. 8, 1881.) "Last night we had our first meeting. The place was crowded. . . . From the beginning they were loud and angry, and perpetually raising a laugh. The contention between those who came to hear and those who came to distract was marked and angry. Suzuki *San* commenced to preach during almost an uproar. . . . They listened to him pretty quietly while he explained the meaning of the word 'Christian,' a word which I think has raised all the trouble. The people seem not to have heard it since those ancient days when it was in this land the synonym of all that is evil. The fact that the Lord was crucified only added strength to their belief that 'Christians' are all bad men. Afterwards I spoke. I was greeted with laughter . . . and my words were repeated with ridicule. . . .

ALBERT ARNOLD BENNETT

But God was with me. He used the very excitement to quicken my thought and memory and power of expression. . . . I was conscious of speaking readily and earnestly, and the people became as quiet as anyone would have a right to ask. . . . The meetings are becoming town talk, and I feel sure good will be done. . . . I have commenced daily instructions with the leading member of the church here, Inagaki *San*. Pray that God may bless it. . . . Well, before very long (D.V.) I shall return . . . happier for having gone away when duty called and desire did not."

(May, 1885. To his elder sister.) "The children are very lovely. . . . The day before yesterday we had some grass cut, and the children are literally and figuratively 'in clover.' Their great shade-hats fell back, and their arms were loaded with the fresh cut grass. Oh, how I wish you could have seen them! . . . I sent the following to Dr. Hepburn [M. D., LL. D.]—a dear friend—on his 70th birthday—(Still hoping to complete a new edition of his valuable Japanese Dictionary and finish the Old Testament translation.)

Heaven grant thee other birthdays yet,
Extend thy week of decades more,
Permit thy pen, with wisdom wet,
'Beloved Physician,' write its lore:
Unfold the Sacred Page, and let
Recorded truths, like gems reset,
Nought dimmed, by thee be set once more.

I was not prepared for the favor with which this acrostic was received, and was led into writing the following by very special request. Mrs. Viele is an excellent woman, and it so happened that a large gathering, appointed with reference to the departure of another Christian worker, was held on her 50th birthday at her home. The party was very late in breaking up, and her callas failed to produce the longed-for flowers for the occasion. . . . She asked me that evening for a poem which I sent the next day.

LETTERS

Like your callas that would not blow,
Like your guests that would not go,
Like my watch that went too slow,
This my song's too late, I know.
But since 'tis so by a single day,
And since you asked me for the lay,
I think I'll say my little say:—

A. A. Bennett,
Yours always.

While no living human being Matt. VI:27
Can by any secret art
Add a cubit to his age, or
Start again his once stilled heart,
Yet both bad and good have often
Reached the fifty cubits' mark:—
(Just the height of Haman's gallows, Esth. V:14
Just the breadth of Noah's ark.) Gen. VI:15

Not, then, because thou art fifty
Would I thee congratulate;
(Years like bags are light. The treasure
We put in them gives them weight.)
But in this I count thee blessed:—
Fifty cubits led thee straight
From the outward gate of entrance
To the temple's inner gate. Ezek. XL:15

Loving God and loving neighbor,
May you so on both take hold
As to get and give great blessings,
As to share and build the fold.
Then your life, like fine-twined curtain
In the sanctuary of old, Ex. XXVI:6
Shall be looped to other loopings,
By its fifty hooks of gold.

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Do not think, dear sister, that life in Japan is all music and poetry. The same frail bodies, foolish minds, and unperfected souls go to make up our *ego's* here as did at home. Pains and aches, disappointments and unpleasant memories, petty cares and wearing toil interweave their threads in the texture of almost every day's routine. The combination of circumstances which renders this letter possible today is made up of various ailments that make it seem wise for me to remain at home instead of going to church this morning. The dear children, whose beautiful faces, pleasing ways and care-dispelling trust and freshness so often add the main attraction to the home letters, are none the less truly causes of perpetual toil and solicitude. Night and day, day and night, comes 'sound of a voice that' I wish was 'still,' and often, too—forgive me, Poet Laureate, for desecrating your grand old lines—'the touch of' what they hoped was 'a vanished hand' gives them an object lesson in the painful blows that sometimes fall on childhood. My duties are very taxing, and sometimes there is little rest from early morn till nearly midnight.

. . . But for all that we are trying to make the best of this country, while we look for a better, even a heavenly, and wait with a quiet longing for that time when the Father shall say, 'Come home.' That God may answer to *you*, too, *my* constant prayer to 'be good, do good and get good' is the birthday wish of your loving brother."

(Nov. 1890.) "Last Sunday A. M., as I was going to the Union Church, I found a foreigner lying in the middle of the street, 'dead drunk,' stretched at full length on his back while the blood was flowing from the back of his head. . . . We could get no clue to where he lived, so I induced some policemen, after much urging, to put him in a jinrikisha and take him to the police station until he could get sober enough to make his dwelling-place known. The next day they sent me a very polite note asking me if I would kindly pay the jinrikishaman 'anything whatever,' since the drunken man had nothing to pay. I paid it. . . . When I saw the man on the street I was hurrying to preach at the Union Church, preferring to walk, and I fear I would have

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'passed him by on the other side' had I not remembered our Lord's parable of the good Samaritan. I rode to church afterwards. Tell the children about this drunkard (and other cases when you know of them) and instil a hatred and fear of drinking."

(Feb. 1891.) "This is a beautiful Sunday. The air is still and balmy, the goldfish are playing happily in the pond, the insects are flying about, doubtless glad to awake from their long sleep, and people are divesting themselves of superfluous clothing, and out on long walks or rides. I am very sleepy, and think that I shall indulge in a nap soon. There was another large fire last night near Ferris Seminary and I was over at that school from about midnight until half past one or two, rendering what help I could. This was not a good physical preparation for the morning, but the Lord helped me, and I preached on the Second Coming of Christ, not controversially, or doctrinally—in the common sense of that word—but only practically. . . . Oh, ———, I do so long for a revival here before I go home again! Indeed, I think that one has already commenced, in my own heart if nowhere else. I cannot recall a time when it seemed to me that there was a greater desire on the part of the Japanese Christians generally for advance in Christian attainments or for activity for the glory of our common Lord. Yet all this is but the dropping before the shower, and is more valued because of what it seems to promise than because of what it is in itself. Do pray for us,—that in all this we may not be disappointed, and that especially the blessing may not be lost to us on account of any sin of our own, whether it be a sin of omission or sin of commission."

(June, 1891.) "There is no one here to say to me, 'I love you,' and I miss those grateful words from wife and children. I wonder if the dear Lord, too, does not like us to tell Him of our love to Him who first loved us, and gave Himself for us. Perhaps we sing no hymns more grateful to the divine ears than such as 'My Jesus, I love Thee.' Elsie's letter, summed up in her one

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sentence, 'Dear Papa, I love you,' is one of the gems of my literary treasures."

(Aug. 1891.) "Last night we lost our starboard anchor by dropping it into too deep water. . . . Thank God such cannot be with the anchor of our hope."

"I do want in some way to be a blessing to all those with whom I travel, and especially to the Japanese for whose salvation I am in this land."

The following narrative is culled from several letters (1891) :—
"The first part of the journey was made in a stage whose horses were lashed up to racing speed. Then we took pack-horses and went as slow as we had gone fast,—over sand and rocks at the edge of the sea, and at times over the country covered with flowers, now fording rivers and now ascending and descending mountains. My horse shied at one place and threw me, but only on the damp beach where I did not receive the slightest injury. The whole thing was so sudden that I did not know I was going but only found that I had gone. We moved on hour after hour till I could no longer see even so much as my own horse's head and but for an unseen Hand I think that neither horse nor rider would have safely finished that journey, where the poor beast was perpetually slipping down the sides of the rocks. . . . There are three men engaged in the care of this particular light-house. One of them is *Mori San*. He and his wife were the only Christians. They labored faithfully for the other two families here, and today we had an intensely interesting examination, after a time of such prayers and tears as I have seldom seen in Japan, and later I baptized . . . the other members of the isolated group. . . . I tried to sing with them but found the tunes difficult. They were mainly familiar tunes, but were 'adapted' or 'naturalized' to such an extent that I could scarcely sing at all. . . . I was impressed with the way they kept together in the adapted tunes, showing that they had manifestly sung them several times. . . . The day is perfect. The ocean stretches far out into the sunshine of an almost cloudless sky, and is calm and beautiful. On the other side of us rises the smoking

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peak of the volcano on whose side the lighthouse is built. It is new—the lighthouse, not the volcano! . . . There are seven or eight children in the three families, and their play and laughter and crying and singing make me homesick for my own dear ones.

. . . Oh, the dear, dear children, none but a father (and not every one of them) can tell how I miss them! . . . I left on the next afternoon. . . . I had this time a different horse

. . . weak-kneed, and was unsafe in descending the mountain passes and in fording streams. I came down the worst places of the mountains on foot, and, in one instance at least, came very near crossing the river on foot, through rather too deep water, for the poor beast stumbled his way across the river in a very wetting and unpleasantly suggestive way. Like most horses in these parts, he was accustomed to being led, and did not care to obey the rein. This was often unpleasant, noticeably so when he took fright at a herd of cattle, and despite all I could do, turned right-about-face, and put in his best speed back along the journey we had been slowly coming. . . . One comical experience I will mention for the children's sake. I had on a straw hat, and the wind was blowing furiously. At last it took my hat off. I got down from the horse and went for the hat, but the wind got it on edge and rolled it like a hoop up the long slope of a low hill. I ran up to, the wind helping me, but helping the hat more. I chased it till it began to go down on the other side of the hill,—I feared into the ocean. But when it reached a lower level than the top, the wind could do no more with it, so it lay quietly down and I easily picked it up. . . . In our ride over the hills

we saw clover, pinks, iris, Wistaria (white), hydrangea, tiger lilies, wild roses, white-weed, blue-bells (?), and a lot of wild flowers familiar to me at home but whose names I have never learned. Wild grapes were abundant. Corn, cabbage, potatoes and wheat were cultivated. I saw no rice. . . . I called on a Japanese Christian and with him visited the Aino settlement.

. . . We saw a young bear which is being kept for the bear festival. . . . I talked with a Japanese. . . . After a while, I turned the conversation from the festival to speak about

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the true God, and as I spoke about Him with more and more fulness . . . an old Aino man who had been concealed from me till then, put out his head from the corner where he had been sitting, and listened with evident interest. The long grey hair hung down both sides of his head, and he may have been over seventy years old, but I doubt if ever he had heard of God before.

. . . I was glad to talk to my fellow-travellers about the way of salvation through the Lord Jesus, and was peculiarly gratified to have some of them present a special request that I should preach to them while I was riding in the stage. Of course I did so. . . . At Morioka I again met those who spoke my own language, and had a delightful visit at the home of Rev. T. P. Poate of our mission. How glad his children were to see me! I looked at their books and toys, and played jack-straws with them, and made myself a child again, longing,—oh! how much, no one can tell,—for my own sweet children far away.

. . . Others may love wife and children as well, but I will not concede that any loves more. I am kept busy in preaching, teaching . . . and in many other lines of work. . . . I do not desire that it should be otherwise. Life at best is short, and I want to have mine tell for the glory of my God and the good of my fellow men."

(July, 1898.) "I have a fair [state-]room. . . . It is neither so clean nor so dry as I could wish it, but it might be much worse, and early missionaries doubtless had nothing half so good. . . . I have had many religious talks with the Japanese, and probably all who came out from Yokohama with me."

"I preached at the Union Church Sunday last—second Sunday of the Week of Prayer—upon 'Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world'—(all the days even unto the Consummation of the Age). God blessed the sermon to me, and I think to others. I have rejoiced to feel, since, the nearness of my unseen Saviour, and have tried to please Him whom, though not having seen, we love."

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[Sermon preached by Dr. Bennett before the Union Conference of Baptist Missionaries at Arima, Japan, June 6th, 1909.]

THE ENTWINING AND UNTWINING OF HUMAN FELLOWSHIPS FOR THE REVEALING OF A HIGHER TIE.

"He saith unto him, Follow Me. Peter, turning about, seeth the disciple whom Jesus loved following. . . . Peter therefore seeing him saith to Jesus, Lord, and what shall this man do? Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? follow thou Me." John xxi: 19-22.

Our text discloses to us a group of three figures. All are in motion. The leader is the Lord. Following Him, and perhaps walking in His footsteps, but with head turned from Him for the moment, is Peter, first among the twelve. In the background, farther removed from Peter than is Peter from his Lord, is one who loved them both and was beloved of both—one who often heard the language spoken by the One to the other, or *vice versa*, and who now, with palpitating heart, listens to words that affect him by affecting his companion. Though unbidden, he too follows. This, of course, is John.

The fellowship between Peter and John was both strong and long. We will notice first something of its *entwining* process.

Not to mention earlier matters, we note that on the third of the four days mentioned in consecutive narrative in the first chapter of this fourth Gospel, John and Andrew, through the aid of the Baptist, beheld "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin

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of the world," and they followed Him. It was about the tenth hour when they reached His abode, but it would seem to have been during that same day that "Andrew findeth his own brother Simon" and introduces him to the newly discovered Redeemer. This seems to have been at Bethany beyond Jordan where John was at the time baptizing. Perhaps this was less of an outward call from Christ than of an inward yet divine prompting, and the consequent endeavor on the part of the two to realize the meaning of the strange announcement made by the prophet whom that day they were leaving. For convenience, however, this may be spoken of as the first call, and Christ's words, "Come and see," justify this appellation. In comparison with the others, it may be termed a *religious call* to the teachings of the Nazarene. It is the lowest in point of immediate effect—"they came and saw"—saw the place where He dwelt, and saw the Personality wherein dwelt that divine Something which justified the expression, "Lamb of God." In location also it was lowest, both in position on the map and in altitude. Thenceforth Peter and John were fellow-disciples of Christ.

Between this and the next call occurred at least three important events—one in each of the three political divisions of the country. Peter and John as well as other disciples were with their Lord in each. These events successively revealed unexpected if not startling traits in the new Teacher, and may have been in part designed to remove from their mind mis-impressions in regard to His real character before the disciples should be invited to a closer relationship. These events also drew the two closer together.

The first of the three was at Cana of Galilee. It was a marriage feast. Jesus was not only present, but aided in the festivity. The disciples here learned, probably for the first time, that, unlike the Baptist, the Son of Man came eating and drinking. If they were to follow Him, they must readjust their ideals of social life.

The second event took place at Jerusalem, and the time was the time of the great national Passover. It must have been with

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feelings of wonder that Peter and John watched the Master as He twisted a whip of small cords. With wonder changed to awe, perhaps almost to terror, they followed His rapid movements as He overturned the tables of the money-changers, scattering in promiscuous confusion the piled coins sacred and profane, drove out the bellowing oxen, and peremptorily ordered the removal from the temple of the doves exposed there for sale. Never before had the disciples seen or suspected such zeal even in performing priest or praying Pharisee. If they are to follow this Zealot—seemingly much more the lion of the tribe of Judah than the lamb of God—they must readjust their ideals of service.

The third of the three events was in Samaria. The disciples, including of course the two of whom we think today, had left Jesus, wearied, at the side of Jacob's well. They had gone off together on an unpleasant errand—possibly because of its unpleasantness none wished to go without the others. They probably deplored the fact that they had neglected to bring bread and the more painful fact that, when they had neglected it, they must needs go through Samaria. Their language by the way is not recorded, but it doubtless was seasoned with expressions of disgust and disdain for the people into whose village they must enter. On completing their purchase and returning to the well they found their Master talking with a woman of Samaria, and they marvelled—they marvelled that He was speaking with a woman; they marvelled that He who taught that salvation was of the Jews would needlessly have any dealings with the Samaritans. Must they readjust their national prejudices also?

The second call of the disciples was in Galilee. Jesus walking by the sea called Simon and Andrew to leave their fishing and become fishers of men. Apparently it was just after the recorded miraculous draft of fishes, but Peter, true to his nature, determined with the aid of his brother to improve the marvellous opportunity and catch still more. After calling this pair of brothers, Jesus went a little further and saw James and John in the boat with their father, mending their nets. He called them, too. The business partners became now partners in giving up

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their business and in leaving everything for Jesus. When at a later time Peter, referring to this event, said, "We have left all and followed Thee," and our Lord replied that no man who had left house and wife, brethren and parents and children for Him should go unrewarded, some think he referred to Peter's case in saying "house and wife," the case of the sons of Zebedee in speaking of "brethren and parents." Be that as it may, family duties were not sundered by this call. After it Peter seems still to have cared for his wife's mother, John certainly cared for his Lord's. But this second call was a call to *consecration*, and involved more than the first. Then they "went and saw," now they "left" and "followed." The location of the call is higher up on the map and higher in altitude; the call itself was higher in its demands and consequences. We may note that at this time Peter is called before John.

Peter and John seem now to have followed the Lord continually, to have witnessed the wonderful works of that wonderful day recorded in Matthew, Mark and Luke; to have participated in the first preaching tour in Galilee; to have returned to Capernaum and seen the healing of the paralytic; to have perhaps heard the call of Matthew and certainly to have partaken of his feast. They probably were with Jesus when He healed the infirm man at Bethesda and the man with the withered hand, but the fact is not stated, and it is possible that they were so astounded at what they thought to be the breaking of the Sabbath that they did not appear with Him publicly. (They themselves were accused of like transgression when, going through the corn-fields with Him, they plucked and ate the grain. This seems to have been intermediate in time between the two miracles last mentioned, but they did not then pretend to be religious teachers themselves.) Later they returned to the Sea of Galilee and there witnessed additional miracles of healing. All of this was a further revelation of the nature of the Christ graciously given to the disciples before they were set apart for the apostolic office. He seemed to claim greater and greater things for Himself and to meet with more and more opposition to every claim He made.

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The discussion of all this by the two must have bound them closer together.

Then came the third call. Its location was higher in altitude and on the map than either of the other two, and the call itself was highest of the three in the elevation to which it raised the called. This was a call to *official service*. They had come to Christ and seen; had left all for Him and followed; now they were to be with Him—to eat at the King's table—and to preach and to heal in His name—to be court officers in the Kingdom of Heaven. They little knew the vastness of their honors.

Among the twelve thus chosen, the first tetrad or quartet is always composed of Peter, John, James and Andrew. Together they listened to our Lord's teaching in regard to the destruction of Jerusalem and the end of the age. But Andrew, who had introduced Peter to Christ, and who with Philip was to introduce the Greeks to Christ, and who was to tell the Lord of the lad with the barley loaves and fishes, soon sinks into the gospel shadows, and his name, except as catalogued in the list of the apostles, does not occur in the Acts. The quartet is practically a trio. These three, like the three mighty men of David, had honors given them by the Son of David which were shared by no one else. Other disciples were faithful "but they attained not unto the first three." These were with Jesus when He raised the daughter of Jairus, were the sole witnesses among the apostles of His transfiguration, and were chosen to be especially near Him in His agony in the garden. In this last event they contrast unfavorably with David's three who, when he simply sighed for water from Bethlehem's well, fetched it at the risk of their lives. Peter, of course, stands higher than James and John, but in almost every instance the name of James precedes that of his brother. He was a good and faithful servant. What is written concerning his life and death implies that he had in him the making of a great apostle, but—oh, how unsearchable are the ways of God!—the sword of Herod Agrippa I, probably in the year A. D. 44, ended his earthly career. The original four were now reduced to two.

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Thenceforth Peter and John must have felt stronger love for each other than ever.

See how the fellowship of the two had been cemented about the time of the Lord's passion and ascension. They were sent together to prepare the supper, but it is only through John that Peter ventures to ask who would be the betrayer. They both follow the Lord from the garden to the city—Peter indeed afar off—but John entering into the palace of the high priest obtains permission to bring Peter in also. John was certainly at the cross; Peter, though he speaks of himself as "a witness of the sufferings of Christ," was seemingly not there; but John, after he had taken Mary to his home, probably sought out and tried to console his broken-hearted friend, for on the morning of the resurrection they were together at the tomb, John the first to reach it, Peter the first to enter. Together they met their Lord on the first and eighth days, though Christ appeared first to Cephas after His resurrection, as on him He had looked last at the time of His trial. His fullest appearance after His ascension was to John. Both, as well as other disciples, met Him at the Sea of Galilee, but while John is the first to perceive, Peter is the first to plunge. Together they with others receive the great commission, together see Him ascend from Olivet, together form part of the praying band who waited for the promise of the Father, together preach at Pentecost though Peter's sermon only is recorded, together are twice imprisoned, together liberated by an angel, together beaten by order of the Sanhedrim, together active in the church at Jerusalem, and together sent to complete and complement the work of Philip at Samaria. Here, we may note in passing, John had part in calling down from heaven upon the Samaritans, not the destructive fire which in his anger he once wanted for them, but the life-giving Spirit which in his love he was now so glad to have them receive.

We have thus far noticed only the entwining of the fellowship between the two apostles. At every step of its progress the Lord has been manifest. If the twisted cord of Peter's net, or John's, showed the work and so the hand of its noted fisherman, and all

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the meshes and all the mending revealed in each case the maker, much more did the knitting of this fellowship, the nature of its heart-ties, the nurture of renewed love after each dispute among the disciples, reveal to them, and bind them to, the wondrous Nazarene.

Perhaps the first note, outside our text, to be found in predicting the *untwining* process was struck in what we may denominate the fourth call. On that "mountain of Galilee," at a point possibly farther north and nearer heaven than that of either of the three calls, in accordance with Christ's commands before and after His resurrection, the disciples meet and receive their great commission. They are here sent forth as ministers of state by Him who has now conquered the lower world, and received all authority in this and in the higher. Heaven, Earth and Hades own His sway, and they are to be His ministers plenipotentiary. But they are to part. In Jerusalem and Judea and Samaria, they may perhaps still go two-and-two, but not so to the ends of the earth. Intimations of the beginning of the untwining process are manifest almost as soon as those Acts begin whose record gives the book its name. When Peter and John went up at the hour of prayer to the temple and found the lame man at the gate called Beautiful, he fixed his eyes on both of them, and both of them fastened their eyes on him, and Peter said, "Look on *us*," and he gave heed unto *them*. Then Peter said, "Silver and gold have *I* none. Such as *I* have give *I* thee." Is there not a suggestion here that John may have retained at least some of his former property—possibly only his own home, for Mary's sake—while Peter gave whatever he had—he once had his home at Capernaum—that he might be an example to the flock in having the church have all things in common? Indeed it was Peter only who took the lame man by the right hand and lifted him up. But the healed man and Peter and all the people recognized John's part in the miracle. He held Peter *and* John as he entered into the temple. Peter asked the people, "Why look ye so earnestly on *us*, as though by our own power or holiness we had made this man to walk?" and declares that they two are witnesses of the resur-

rection of Him who had done the miracle. But the untwining has commenced.

Again, after Peter and John had worked together in their special errand in Samaria, we are told they preached the gospel in many villages of the Samaritans, but in so doing they probably parted one from another. At least, Peter was alone when he went throughout all parts, healed Aeneas at Lydda, raised Dorcas at Joppa, and preached the gospel to Cornelius and his household at Caesarea. John was not imprisoned with Peter by Herod Agrippa I. Thenceforward the names of this chief pair of the apostles do not appear as complements of each other, though they and James are accounted as pillars in the church at least fourteen years after Paul's conversion.

In the untwining of their fellowship we may notice four points. The first one is suggested by the wording of the text. It is the seeming reversal of honors. Peter is to die, and that by crucifixion; John may live even till the Lord comes. The place of honor hitherto held by Peter seems to be awarded to John. When Isaac blessed his two sons he blessed the younger more than the elder, but at the time he did not intend it; when Jacob blessed the two sons of Joseph he too blessed the younger more than the elder, but he did it purposely, "guiding his hands wittingly." Now Jesus, the real seed of Abraham, in parting from these two disciples, perhaps the oldest and the youngest of the twelve, promises a death of ignominy to the former and suggests a possible deathless entrance into glory for the latter. Yet which had the greater honor? To Paul's mind at least it may have been a question whether should be chosen the quick departure to be with the Lord, in itself far better, or the long, long waiting and the being last to be called, more profitable for the infant church. John himself in later years speaking of himself as "brother and companion in tribulation and in the Kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ" seems to reveal a wish that he could have followed Peter when Peter on the cross followed Christ. It may be that his feelings then are expressed in the verse,

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And Peter, dearest earthly friend, how glad I would have been
To tarry not but share thy cross, thy life with Him to win:
To me yon Land has been *revealed*, but thou hast *entered in*.

Yet to Peter it must have seemed as if John's lot was to be much happier than his own. When on the mountain top these two disciples and John's martyr-brother saw their Lord transfigured, they saw appearing with Him in glory Moses and Elias. The former was Petrine in nature—not that he had the weaknesses of the great apostle, but that he was rock-like, dwelt and taught among rocks, held in his hands the tables of stone, and at least in one chapter (Deut. xxxii) speaks over and over again of the Rock in which Israel trusted, the Rock that begat him, the Rock of his salvation, the Rock that sold him, and then contrasts this Rock with that of the heathen, in the statement, "Their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges." This Moses, the servant of the Lord, was without a peer, yet he "died according to the word of the Lord;" so it was to be with Peter. Elijah, on the other hand, was a son of thunder. Though inferior to Moses, yet, through power given him from above, he shut up heaven that it should not rain for three years and six months, then opened it and deluged the land with rain. His appearances and disappearances were quick and unannounced, like the summer's lightning. He called down fire from heaven to consume the sacrifice on Carmel. He did not die, like Moses, but, with seemingly greater honor than his, waited for the Lord's chariot of fire to carry him in state to the country of his King. Peter may have wondered if this was not to be so with John.

One of the arguments that has been urged against John being the author of the fourth gospel is just this. The writer speaks of himself there as the one "whom Jesus loved," which seems, in the eyes of the critic, to give him a position above all the other apostles, while of Peter he records Christ's rebuke couched in the three-fold question, "Lovest thou Me?"

Certainly in some sense John came to have a more honored place than that of Peter at the time. But this is in keeping with

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all we know of the divine economy. "He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree. He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich He hath sent away empty." A man has his work to do and after a season that work is given to another, and he drops out. The experience which he hoped would lift him above the follies of youth he finds he must pay for with the infirmities of age. Still David, serving his own generation by the will of God, falls on sleep and is laid unto his fathers and still Solomon his son reigns in his stead. Even Jesus did not feel Himself exempt from this great law:—"It is expedient for you that I go away," He says, "for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come to you." It is not always easy for flesh and blood to acquiesce, and to say of anyone, "He must increase, but I must decrease." We may sometimes question why it should be necessary and wonder, as Peter probably wondered, why he who was behind must be allowed to get ahead.

Some of the missionaries who have been longest in the work here may find its cares and honors slipping from their tenacious grasp to newer hands, and at first the thought may grieve them. We do not like to be laid upon the shelf. But is it not right and proper that we should be? How the younger element may eclipse us, what glory may be theirs of which we could but dream, are questions which should evoke no envy; for the Lord says in regard to it all, "What is that to thee?" It is a lesson, running indeed throughout all our Christian experience as throughout all John's evangel, but especially emphasized in the opening and closing chapters of each, that the disciple is not to dally over difficult problems but leaving them behind is to follow his Lord. He knows all, and that is enough. We may well quote for ourselves today the words of Mrs. Alexander, whether we think of the "lonely tomb in Moab" or the cross on Roman hill:—

"Speak to these curious hearts of ours and teach them to be still.
God has His mysteries of grace, ways that we cannot tell,
And He hides them deep like the secret sleep of the one He
loved so well."

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If we turn our eyes away from our friend and fix them on our Lord, and read in that divine face the combined wisdom and love which framed the command of our text, duty turns to pleasure. It is easy to follow. Our only trouble will be that which found expression in Peter's words on a former occasion:—"Lord, why cannot I follow Thee *now*?" And when the "hereafter" of our Lord's reply shall shift itself for each of us into the longed-for "now," the language of the heart will be something like the following:—"I thank Thee that I may follow. And, Lord, if any halo reflected from the glory of Thy head has by some mistake been lingering on mine, I never deserved it. Take it away and give it to whom Thou wilt. It is enough for me—yes, more than enough—that, when I deserve only a crown of thorns, Thou hast promised to give me, on Thy return, a crown of life that fadeth not away. For that crown I long. I want, like the other disciples, to lay it at Thy feet on Thy coming, dear Lord, that Thou mayest be crowned with many crowns."

The second point of difference between the two apostles which may have helped in the untwining of their fellowship, was of a theological nature. In one of the legends connected with the *Apostles' Creed* Peter is said to have contributed the first article, John the second; though of course all the apostles were supposed to have subscribed to all the articles: the differences were with reference not to the facts, but to the place of emphasis. Be that legend as it may, both Peter and John undoubtedly believed all the cardinal doctrines that were held by the early church. Peter's tendency, however, is to see these from their earthly side; John's, from their heavenly. Peter, true to his Christ-given name, sees in Christ the corner-stone elect and precious to all believers, but the stone of stumbling and rock of offence to people who are disobedient. In this he quotes and interprets Isaiah. John, true to his new name, records the voice which from on high spake of past and future glorifying, and tells us how the people standing by said it thundered. And when, in the same chapter, it is necessary for him to speak of God's judgments he too quotes and interprets Isaiah, but reminds us that that prophecy was given "when he saw

His glory." Of course this distinction between Peter's and John's theological viewpoints must not be pushed too far. Nor should it be wholly ignored. Both apostles recognized the atoning work of Christ's death—although Peter at first felt that Christ should never drink the cup; John, that he could drink it with his Lord. Both realized the necessity of the disciple following his Master, but Peter thinks of the suffering of Christ when He left us an example that we should follow His steps; John, of the Christian's joy as here the good Shepherd's sheep do follow Him, and hereafter those who have the Father's name written in their foreheads shall follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. Both speak of Christ's transfiguration and of the glory then revealed, but Peter believing as much as John that it taught Christ's sonship, adduces it as direct evidence that he had not used cunningly devised fables; John, only in evidence that the Christ was the only begotten of the Father. Peter indeed tells us of the new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness, but he does not do it like John. He never forgets that he is to die. He seems to linger upon the thought of putting off his earthly tabernacle. He preaches as a dying man to dying men, and enforces lessons of truth and soberness not only in regard to our own dissolution but in reference to the melting of the earth with fervent heat, and the rolling up of the heavens as a scroll. He still seems to see the smoke of that burning till he lays down his pen. John viewed things differently. He did not know but that he might tarry till the Lord should come. He thought much of future glory. He did not forget to warn the dying and to depict the fall of Babylon, but his eyes were ever lifted like the Galileans gazing up into heaven. He speaks as a living man to living men. He longed for the appearing of the Lord, when the saints were to be made like Him. So he urges walking in the light, living holy lives, etc. This longing for Christ's return is especially evident in *The Revelation*. His eyes and voice and heart all have the upward tendency as he sees the New Jerusalem coming down from heaven, believes God will tabernacle with men, and cries to his approaching Master, "Come, Lord Jesus!" Peter lived in

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expectation of being conformed to Christ in His death; John, of being conformed to Him in His glorification. Peter, as the rock, stands for that which is strongest and has most passive power on earth—a great foundation-stone. He unveils the human heart, its needs and their Supply. John, as a son of thunder, represents power from above, energizing and active, with lightning appealing to the eye and thunder appealing to the ear. He unveils the divine heart. Peter stands for faith and all the initial virtues of the Christian life, and he cannot abide hypocrites among believers. He nails his theses to the door of the church on earth, and forbids entrance to any who will not accept them. John stands for love and all the virtues of matured Christian life. He hangs the statement of his faith just outside the pearly gates, and cries to all who accept his Lord, "Whosoever will, let him come." John's trouble is more with false Christs than with false Christians.

There is indeed something grand about Peter's Confession of Faith. He first of the twelve, when Christ asked them where they would place Him, unhesitatingly asserted belief in the divine nature of the Son of man, and was assured that the revelation had been made to him by Christ's Father in heaven. He was in many ways the leading teacher among the twelve, and it is not without reason that he received the keys of the Kingdom. His sermons are masterpieces of Christian truth, and we may well applaud his theology. But when, that we may push on toward perfection, we desire to leave the principles of the doctrine of Christ, we turn from Peter to John. We feel then that the early church was right in calling him the "theologian." Still he seems to lean on Jesus' bosom, and to hear and to interpret the heart-throbs of his Master.

As Keble puts it:—

"Much he asked in loving wonder,
On Thy bosom leaning, Lord!
In that secret place of thunder
Answer kind didst Thou accord,
Wisdom for Thy church to ponder
Till the day of dread award.

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"Lo! heaven's doors lift up, revealing
How Thy judgments earthward move;
Scrolls unfolded, trumpets pealing,
Wine-cups from the wrath above;
Yet o'er all a soft Voice stealing—
'Little children, trust and love.'"

Brethren and sisters, my main motive in the choice of today's text is suggested by this thought of differing theological views. Some of our brethren entertain and teach views that we cannot accept. Among ourselves there is sufficient difference of opinion to make us at times critical of each other. What are we to do? Is not the true answer to the problem found in our text? Does not Christ say as we lay these troublesome facts before Him, "What is that to thee? Follow thou Me!" Others may seem to us to be either servilely conservative or rashly radical, but what of it? The great question for us is not "What shall this man do?" but "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?" It may be our privilege generally and is certainly our duty at times to speak with the brother who seems to be entertaining heresy, and if possible win him back to what we consider to be the way of truth. This, of course, must always be done in humility and love. In theology as truly as in morals, the man who thinks he sees the mote in his brother's eye may only think so because of the sadder condition of his own. Again, it may be that some doctrine which we love has become exceedingly unpopular. Despite our love for it, this may be a fact for rejoicing. But if we think Christ teaches the doctrine, the fact that it has become unpopular is nothing. The Jews had become very unpopular in the days of Esther, but like her we may have come to the kingdom for such a time as this. We must both practice and preach what we believe He teaches. Regardless of human praise or blame, it is our duty to follow Him. It may be that some other doctrine is becoming exceedingly popular. All scholars are said to accept it; we do not wish to be considered "back numbers;" but we must remember that the voice of the people is not always the

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voice of God, and however overwhelming may seem their note, Jesus says to each of us, "What is that to thee? Follow thou me." In all times, but especially when theological discussion runs high, the only safe position is, not to cling to the past nor clutch at the future, but, leaving other men's matters with their Lord and ours, for us each to follow in His steps.

The third point of difference between the two apostles which we shall notice and which helped in the untwining of fellowship was the difference in their methods of work. John was a writer; Peter, a preacher. Again we must guard ourselves from pushing too far a distinction which none the less exists. Both of the disciples wrote; and it is an interesting fact that Babylon, whose awful fall John so clearly depicts as he sees it in vision, is supposed to have been the home of Peter when he wrote to the Jews of the dispersion in Asia including Ephesus, the home of John. But Peter seldom speaks of writing; only twice, and once it is of writing "briefly." He "makes known," "puts in remembrance," endeavors that others may "have these things always in remembrance," but does not often use the word "write." In the commonly accepted canon of the New Testament the part that he has contributed is small. True, there was a so-called Apocalypse or Revelation of Peter, much esteemed during the early centuries. It was commented on by Clement of Alexandria, and named together with the Revelation of John in the Muratorian list, but it never was so popular as that of John and is not so much accredited. Both the apostles preached. The fact only of John's preaching is recorded, but the very sermons of Peter. He was perpetually the speaker. Even where his name is not mentioned there are sometimes in the words that are employed a suggestion that it was he who was the leading spokesman. John, on the other hand, is perpetually writing. In his Gospel he does not use the word so often as in his Epistles and the Revelation, but even there he reminds his readers why these things were written, and tells them in another place that if the things which Jesus did should be written, every one, he does not suppose that even the world itself could contain the books that should be written. In

the New Testament, of the three places where ink is mentioned, two are in the Epistles of John, and he only, of all the New Testament writers, speaks to us of the use of "pen" and of "paper." Peter, indeed, being dead yet speaks, and will so long as there is a sinner to be converted, but like Abel's his blood calls from the ground. John writes for the church universal, and through his writings we can almost see him, and we believe that in them he will tarry till his Lord shall come. Still to "little children," to "fathers" and to "young men" he writes, as to "little children," to "fathers" and to "young men" he has written. As he tells us in his third Epistle, he "wrote somewhat unto the church," but, as he also tells us in both the second and the third, he still has many things to write. In the Revelation the opening chapter speaks of the mandate he had received:—"What thou seest write in a book,"—and in the second and third chapters he is commanded "to write to the angel" of each of the seven churches. About midway in the book he states that he was about to write certain things, but was forbidden to do so. But again on three different occasions, towards the close of the Revelation, he is commanded to write.

Another element in the difference of method, closely allied to the former and perhaps growing out of it, was the fact that Peter was largely an evangelist; John, largely a pastor. Both scripture and legend testify that John did do evangelistic work, and Peter never forgot the Lord's injunction to feed His sheep and lambs—an injunction perhaps specially needed because of his natural bent for evangelistic work. Nor did he forget to charge other under-shepherds to feed the flock of God, taking the oversight not by constraint but willingly. Yet Peter was especially fitted to stir up sinners by his trumpet calls to repentance; John, to build up saints, by his loving exhortations to holiness. Their postures, as Jesus found them when He called them to become fishers of men, are suggestive of their later life-work: metaphorically speaking, Peter is forever casting his net; John is sitting and mending his; while Jesus still fills both their nets to breaking.

Still another element in this difference between their methods

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doubtless resulted from the difference in their natural dispositions. John is like the Jordan at its source with its stream always gushing from the heart of the mountain and with comparatively little difference the year round. Peter is like the Jordan over against Jericho, at times reduced to a slender thread, but overflowing all its banks in time of harvest. This difference in temperament doubtless led at first to mutual fitness and love, but it also led to difference in methods of work which necessitated more or less separation the one from the other in later years. It is by no means improbable that Peter and John spoke to each other about what in each seemed to the other to call for care and, if possible, correction. Were their conversation put in modern parlance it would perhaps run something like this:—"Peter, you're a dear good fellow. I wish I were half as good as you are, and were worth half as much to the Lord. But Peter,—I know you will forgive me for saying it,—I wish you weren't so impetuous. You mar some of your very best work by your blunders in this direction. So many times I wish I could just put my hand over your mouth. It's the greatest fault you have, dear fellow, and I wouldn't speak of it if I didn't love you." To which we may hear Peter reply:—"What you say about my being a good fellow is all nonsense, and grows out of the goodness of your own heart. I know I'm impulsive, and I blabber everything right out. I wish I didn't. You know very well it has cost me more than one severe rebuke from the Master, and has often driven me to tears. I'll try to do better, but I fear there is little hope for me. But, John, now that we are talking frankly to each other, let me tell you something about yourself that has often troubled me. You are awfully slow about embracing an opportunity. When you get the chance of saying a word for the Lord, or of healing a man that shows some faith, why don't you jump at it, and not dilly-dally, and think it over, till perhaps the opportunity is gone?" And now it would be John's turn to confess and to promise to try to do better. Each of the two, we must believe, was rendered better for his life-work by the companionship of the other, but each also doubtless felt that the other's method would never do for him. To the very

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end, John was doubtless cautious; Peter, impetuous. In keeping with the latter half of this statement is the legend in the writing of Ambrose which speaks about Peter's death at Rome. According to it, at the beginning of the persecution the Jews induced Peter to flee, and he hastened to leave the city by the Appian Way. But at the gate, now called Porta St. Sabastiano, he suddenly met his Lord. "Lord, whither goest Thou?" he cried. Jesus is said to have answered, "I am going to Rome, there once more to be crucified." Peter, hearing this, and knowing well its involved rebuke, hastened back again and gladly suffered crucifixion for his Lord. The tradition is commemorated by the modern church of Domine Quo Vadis.

Brethren, again I must pause and apply the lesson. We missionaries representing the Baptists North and South have not only different fields of work, but different methods. The Spirit is one, but there are diversities of operation. We cannot all be the scholars in the language that some are, the evangelists that others are, the secular or theological teachers that still others are, or adepts in dormitory work or in other lines that would be classified under neither of the above heads. Looking at some brother or sister, thinking of the attainments made,—or possibly of the supposed mistakes,—any one of us may be disposed on the one hand to feel discouraged, or on the other hand to yield to criticism; but if we lay the whole case before our Lord, He says, "What is that to thee? Follow thou me." Let us each do the very best that we can according to that method which in each different case the Lord shows to be best.

The fourth and last factor that we notice as untwining the fellowship between the two apostles is the one that has ceaselessly been engaged in a like process from the beginning of the human race till now. It is what we call death. Our Lord distinctly taught Peter that he must die, and strongly implied that John would long outlive him. Peter doubtless had, before this, thought that the time would come when he must be thus parted from his younger friend, but he had never before felt the problem so boldly stated. Whatever he may have said audibly, in his heart he

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doubtless thought, "O Lord, I cannot stand it. We have always been together. We have hoped to live together; we are willing to die together. We need each other. When the time comes for us to die, let us go like Saul and Jonathan who in their death were not divided. I have needed John as much as a man needs his wife, and he has needed me, and we have loved each other even more. As with Jonathan and David, our love has been stronger than that of women. I do not mind dying, but what troubles me is that John needs me. He has always leaned upon me so." To this we may suppose that our Lord, with word or look, seemed to answer, "Has he always leaned on you, Peter? If so, it is time he should learn to lean on something else than an arm of flesh. But has he always leaned on you, Peter? Was it on you he leaned at the Last Supper? Have you loved him as I have? Have you been crucified for him? You do not love him now as I love him, nor does he love you as I do. I will be with you in death and with him in life—with both of you till the end of the age. I will never leave nor forsake. Can you not trust John's cause to me? Do you not believe that I will look after that? What is that to thee? Follow thou Me."

Brethren and sisters, I need not remind you that from our earliest days God has blessed us with many sweet and hallowed fellowships. There has been that of parent and child, of brother and sister, of teacher and scholar, of friend and friend, and this last may have been transmuted into that of husband and wife. Nor need I remind you that each of these has been designed to teach us of a higher tie. We have learned through them what we never otherwise could have known of the meaning of such expressions as the "Heavenly Father," the "child of God," "brethren and sisters," the "Master" and the "disciple," "I have called you friends," and the "Bridegroom" and the church as "His bride." As looking into the waters of earth that reflect the stars above we learn to lift our heads again to the heavens to see the true lights, so in the earthly ties we have learned the meaning of the stronger one of which each of them is in some respect the semblance. Thanks be to God for the entwining of

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all these sweet fellowships. But, brethren and sisters, there are some of our number who even during the past year have learned more than your speaker could possibly tell you today of the untwining of such earthly fellowships. A strand has been cut and the tie sundered. In itself this has been a bitter experience, but rightly interpreted it is designed to reveal still more clearly that higher tie for which it was formed. We commend all the bereaved to Him who loves them so far beyond what would be possible either for those who have been taken or for those who still remain. As the years shall roll on we know that each earthly fellowship must come to a point in its development where this same untwining process must bring a change. It is nothing more than the forming of the grain at the end of the stalk. It is not to be dreaded. Thank God, it will only make more manifest that tie for whose fruitage has been all of life's growth. Even the companions that are taken shall be made more worthy of our love, and our love itself more worthy of our companions, as both, for the time, are left with our Lord. Tennyson's bemoaning of his friend Hallam in *In Memoriam*—perhaps the greatest of the great poet's poems—supplies us with many a stanza in which we might re-frame some of the thoughts that flow from our text today. Without detaining you longer, let me in closing ask you to listen to this one selection which seems like an antiphonal song of the two apostles, and voices the feeling of some of our hearts, I know.

"Strong Son of God, [That is the cry of Peter.]

Immortal Love [That is of John.]

Whom we that have not seen Thy face, [That is from the modern followers of both apostles.]

By faith, and faith alone, embrace, [That sounds like Peter.]

Believing where we cannot prove; [That is like John.]

"Forgive my grief for one removed—[That might be Peter or John or any one who mourns. (It shows the untwining.)]

Thy creature whom I found so fair: [So every saint thinks of his loved and lost. (It shows the entwining.)]

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I trust he lives in Thee; [There is the sunshine after the rain.] and there

I find him worthier to be loved." [Ah, this is the climax. The higher tie has been revealed both by the entwining and the untwining, and now, as that tie is clearly seen, it is found to involve also all that was good and glorious of earthly associations intensified and made eternal.]

Saints of the Most High, through the merits of our Saviour we shall some day see again the three figures of our text. We may follow them as perchance they walk not by the shores of Tiberias but on the golden sands of the Crystal Sea. The mysteries that have baffled us will then be all unraveled; the ideals that have eluded us will then become realities. Then Peter and John and every one of the redeemed, looking back over a completed pilgrimage, shall have renewed cause to praise his Lord that, at each of its crises, forebodings born of a backward glance on others were dissipated by Christ's gentle rebuke, "What is that to thee?" while the doubt and dread that gathered with the clouds of one's own darkening future parted and dropped away, like Peter's chains in prison, when the bright Heavenly Form appeared and said, "Follow thou Me."





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